The Wiccan Chosen One

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The Wiccan Chosen One (The Sequel for A New Life)

By aquaturtle66

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Chapter 1

The Wiccan Chosen one (Chap. 1)

Chapter 1

~~~Katheren's P.O.V. ~~~

"Come on, you can do this," Daren whispered in my ear. This caused me to shudder, but I persisted.

"What if-"

"They're you grandparents," he told me, hugging me closer to him, "there is no 'what if', they won't judge you."

I stared into his deep electric blue; Daren was still the same, same eyes, the same sun-blond hair, and his same to die for smile.
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I closed my eyes and took a deep breath to focus myself, to calm myself; I had been in worse situations than this. Two years ago, I had somehow fought off a warlock how had wanted to kill me and take control- I mean like literally mind control- of my boyfriend. Then my boyfriend, Daren, proposed to me two days later. I had been fifteen- less than a month away from sixteen- at the time; I am now seventeen, almost eighteen.

I took another soothing breath; Daren and I were standing outside of my grandparent's house in Santa Anna, California. I had found out that my grandparents were the leaders of the Moonlight Coven, well, my grandmother was, my grandfather, I was told, was mostly just moral support.

I had to tell my grandparents that I was a 'chosen one' a special kind of witch that I wasn't even really sure what if meant yet, that I wanted to join their coven... and oh, that I was engaged. I took another deep breath and raised my hand to knock on the door before I could start hyperventilating.

The door flew open before my hand even made purchase with the wood. "Kate!" my grandmother yelled then crushed me into a hug, she was very strong for such a frail looked old woman. "It has been such a long time dear."

"Hi Grams."

"Why don't you and Mr. Coventry come in and I'll make some tea," she said then bustled into the cheery bright yellow kitchen.

I looked at Daren confused. He had said that even though his family was part of the Moonlight Coven, he had never personally met its high priestess. 'How does she know your name?' I asked him in my mind. We had found a spell in his family's 'Livre de Sorts', or spell book that was able to create a mind link between two people, it lasted until the reversal spell was said. I wasn't even sure that Daren knew the reversal spell, much less cast it off the top of his head.

'Who knows how she knows half of the things she does. Her strange knowledge is why she is such a respected leader,' he replied. I liked these kinds of

mental conversations, it was more private. That and you couldn't lie when you talked this way. Not that we had anything to lie about, we told each other everything, important or not, but still, it was reassuring.

"Katheren Elizabeth Whitney, are you going to escort him into the house or are you two just going to sit outside all day talking in your minds, show your fiancé to the couch?"

My eyes widened. 'How did she-' I started to ask but Daren interrupted.

"Don't ask," he said aloud, "I am not sure, I am sure that she will explain later."

I look his hand and pulled him towards the faded brown couch in the middle of the cluttered living room. The room was filled with porcelain and glass figures, most of which were some kind of wild animal or having some sort of relation to one.

I took a seat on the small couch and Daren sat next to me, taking me in his arms so he could wrap his arms

around my waist and rest his chin on my shoulder, I was so close that I was almost on his lap.

"Thanks Grams," I said as she hurried back into the room giving each of us some of her homemade herbal tea.

"Why you're welcome Kate." Her old guy eyes clouded over for a second as she sat down in her rocking chair. They cleared as quickly as they had clouded and then she smiled. "I would like to tell you congratulations, for both of you, for your engagement and you Kate for finally discovering your heritage.

"And Mr. Coventry- no, Daren, you would rather me call you Daren- you better take good care of my granddaughter."

"I will ma'am," he said sincerely.

She laughed. "Just call me Grams dear, it will be true soon enough."

I heard Daren's mental laugh. 'Your grandmother is quite interesting.'

I chuckled under my breath. Grams seemed to head it. "You two better not be laughing at an old lady now, are you? Even in your head it is still rude." There was a hint of mischief in her tired eyes.

"No Grams. Uh how do you know what we are going to do or say? I don't remember you ever being this observant."

"That is because I am a Seer dear." She didn't continue as she waited for my blank expression to turn to understanding, it never did. "Like a fortuneteller Kate, I can see future events and to what you two are thinking, well I was a kid once. Now, I may be old, but I do believe that we have some catching up to do."

I beamed at my grandma. Daren was right, she wasn't disappointed in me. I took a deep breath, this time in relief and caught her up on the past two years.

{Author's note: please comment and vote. I need some help on the main plot, if you have any ideas, please tell me, it wouldwriting this a whole lot easier... Man, writing squels are hard. :D

-Katie}

Chapter 2

The Wiccan Chosen One (Chap. 2)

Chapter 2

~~~Katheren's P.O.V. ~~~

"I am tired. Can we just go to sleep?" I begged Daren as we were leaving my Grandmother's house that night.

He pouted, trying to cover his laugh, he said, "But I wanted to take you out."

"Sure, you can, but I will probably be asleep before we even get there."

"Okay, tomorrow then," he laughed, heading towards the hotel in which we were staying. Grams had said
~~~

that we could stay with her and Gramps, but knowing her, we would be shoved in two different rooms with theirs in between us. Back in Seattle, even though we were engaged, we still lived with our families. He lived with his parents and I lived with my aunt.

I was glad that my grandparents- my grandfather had shown us a little while after we got there- had accepted Daren's and I choices. They-and my aunt-were all I had left. My parents were killed in a fire, well I had actually learned later that they were killed by warlocks while I was at a sleepover. Even now, four years later, it still got to me, I don't think that grieving for them will ever cease.

"Kates are you alright?" Kates was Daren's special name for me, he was the only one who ever called me that besides my parents.

I wiped the tears from my eyes. "Yeah Daren, I just want to rest."

"Okay," he said parking and coming over to open up my door so he could grab my hand and lead me into

the hotel. I leaned heavily against him as we made it up to our room.

When we finally got into our room, I fell onto the bed without even trying to take off my shoes or anything. I heard Daren's chuckle, then I felt him pulling off my shoes. "Either you get up and change into pajamas by yourself," he told me, "Or I will str-"

I jerked into an upright position. "I'm up."

He laughed again. "Damn and I was looking forward to you not moving."

I playfully hit on the arm before I went into the bathroom to change.

When I was done, I snuggled into bed next to Daren and fell into a blissful sleep.

"Kates, it's time to wake up," I heard Daren say faintly. I groaned but did open my eyes. I felt a shock suddenly and I woke up.

"What did you do?"

His brow furrowed. "I gave you a kiss on the forehead, is that wrong?"

"Yes," I murmured sitting up and leaning towards him slowly. "You either kiss me on the lips, or you can find someone else to kiss."

"Well I can't bare that second option, so I guess that I will have to take it like a man and take the first option," he whispered and closed the distance between us.

My favorite thing to do was to kiss Daren. It made me feel safe, loved, and most importantly, it felt right. My life was so confusing, so hard sometimes, but kissing Daren made me forget that anything was even wrong. I clung to him and kissed him even more passionately. I felt my head hit the pillow again and I felt Daren's body was pressed against mine but I didn't feel any of his weight.

I broke away gasping and he moved his lips to my throat. In all the times that we had kissed, we had never done anything like this. "We...need...to...stop..." I was able to gasp out.

"I don't want to stop," he mumbled against my skin.

"But we need to," I told him. I was astonished that I could actually talk in complete sentences with the way that his lips, his closeness, was making me feel so lightheaded.

He sighed and lifted his eyes to mine and laid down on the bed next to me. He blinked a few times. "I actually forgot what was so important that I needed to wake you up for."

I laughed; it was funny to me how much I affected him. That was still new to me, I have never affected anyone the way the affected him. Truthfully, I have never really affected anyone.

"Oh, that's right, we have to go back to grandparent's house, they wanted to see how I conduct your training, remember?"

I groaned. "I do, but did you have to, I shouldn't have told you to stop." But I know where that would have lead to if I hadn't of stopped it when I did. Both of us were still virgins, where as Daren was ready to change that status, I was not. I knew that he would wait until I was ready like the gentlemen that he was.

He smirked and then, pulled me off of the bad and shoved me into the bathroom. "Don't tempt me," he said, then closed the door so I could take a shower and get ready for round two with my grandparents.

This whole episode made me think of when I had told my aunt that Daren and I were getting married.

"I don't think I can do this," I remember telling him.

"It's either you tell her now, when you know I am here, or you can have her find our later when I might not be here."

I took a deep breath and then stepped down the stairs, hand in hand with Daren. When we had told my aunt, it had been the day after the night that he had proposed, and we had already told his parents, who were ecstatic and loved the idea. I remember walking down the stairs feeling like I was going to faint and the only thing that kept me from running back up the stairs and locking myself in my room was his hand in mine.

"Aunt Lyn," I asked her as she was sitting down in the living room working on a case, she was a very good

social worker, but she was always busy, "can we talk to you for a second?"

"Sure hon, what's up? Are you sick again, you look pale?"

"I'm fine," I squeaked out. I wondered how you tell your guardian that you are getting married. Daren had told his parents before he had asked me, so all we really told them is that I said yes, but I was pretty sure that my aunt didn't know yet. "We have something to tell you." My voice was very faint, but she heard it.

"What is it hon?" She seemed to get more worried by the second.

I couldn't speak, but luckily Daren could. "Mrs. Whitney," he said being very formal, "I have asked for your nieces hand in marriage and we have come to ask for your blessing."

My aunt's jaw fell open and it took her a while to figure out how to shut it. "You're not pregnant are you?" God, was this the only thing that parents thought when you got married out of high school? I

thought they only freaked out about that on TV. Well, my aunt probably learned everything that she learned about parenting from a book or from TV, considering that she didn't even have a boyfriend, let alone kids of her own.

"Oh god no! Aunt Lyn, we wouldn't do that! That's-ew! I can't believe that's what you thought."

She laughed, it was weak with relief, but she still seemed very concerned. "Katheren, are you sure, I mean-"

"I am sure Aunt Lyn, I love him and he loves me, I haven't been more sure of anything in my life."

She nodded. "Then you have my blessings...on one condition."

"What?" I asked slowly.

She broke into a huge smile. "You have to let me plan the wedding."

I smiled and hugged her, "I wouldn't ask anyone else."

I heard a knock and "Kates, are you ready?" I jumped, finally coming out of my daydream and back into reality.

"Yep," I called then walked out the door and into Daren. "Oh," I huffed.

He laughed and caught me around the waist before I could fall flat on my butt. "Nice to see you to, but there is an easier way to get my attention then smacking into me," he teased me.

"Yeah, I know, but the other way is kissing you and this way I know that you will keep control of yourself," I said, evening the score.

"So sure about that are we?" he said then bent down to press his lips to mine. When he broke away, he said "both ways I get a kiss, so I am fine with it."

I laughed then grabbed my bag and we headed back to my grandparent's house for my training.

{Author's Note: Sorry this was such a boring Chapter, but I am still having trouble with figuring out what I want the plot to be so I am just kind of winging it. Please Vote and Comment and if you have any ideas/

suggestions, please tell me, it would make writing this a lot easier.

-Katie}

Chapter 3

The Wiccan Chosen One (Chap. 3)

Chapter 3

~~~Katheren's P.O.V. ~~~

"Ow, that hurt!" I moaned rubbing my throbbing temples.

"That's because you did it wrong," Daren and my grandmother said simultaneously.

They had been criticizing my magic all morning. This seemed to be their favorite phrase. "Okay, so I suck at being a witch, give me a break already!"

Daren chuckled and helped me up from where I had landed when my transporting spell backfired and
~~~

sent me flying across my grandmother's backyard. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, just peachy," I said sarcastically. "Hey, aren't I supposed to have some chosen one/ancestry power boost thingy that makes me a better witch, 'cause at the moment it sure doesn't seem like it."

My grandmother smiled kindly at me and pushed her silver hair behind her ear. "Yes, the ancestors have chosen you dear, and you are more powerful than any of us, but you don't know how to use any of that power. Now try the spell again."

"Heck no Grams," I protested. I knew better than to swear in front of her, you did not want to get her mad. "I would rather not die today."

She laughed. "You are so stubborn Kate, just like your mother." A shot of depression-and happiness that I was like her- ran through me as she said this. I envied her ability to put the past behind her and only concentrate on the good times. "Now try it again, but don't use as much power. If you do, you'll either repeat what just happened or you will overuse your aura." And that could end in death.

Two years ago, Daren had taught me that every living being had an aura. Aura was your life essence, what kept you alive, it was said that aura was what kept your soul in your body, but some believe that your soul and your aura is the same thing, and in others the ideas weren't even loosely related to what the witches believed and what warlocks believe. Witches, who were good, thought we got our powers from our aura, warlocks had completely different ideas of how we got our magic, being evil, they believed that we got our magic from the gods to do what normal humans could not.

I had also learned that the only people who could truly use their aura were the people with single color auras-witches and warlocks. Each color of aura- there were many different colors ranging all through the spectrum- had a different level or intensity of power. For witches blue auras are the most powerful, light blue is the most powerful of all. Then comes green, purple, red, pink, yellow, then the least powerful is white. For a warlock is black, then their least powerful is brown. Daren was one of very few witches alive today that could naturally see auras.

Mine was light blue and Daren's was electric blue and my grandmother's, as I had learned recently, was a deep forest green.

I had also learned that I was the 'Wiccan Chosen One' when was fighting against a demented warlock, Sara, for my life. The Wiccan Chosen One was someone in which the ancestors- the first witches and the most powerful- could posses and enhance their powers. There was only one chosen one every couple of hundred years and there was never more then one chosen one alive at a time.

I didn't want to be the 'chosen one', hell, I didn't even want to be a witch, but I couldn't change who I am. I knew that, but at times like this, I really wished I could change who I am. "Ow!" The spell had backfired on me... for the third time today and this time I had landed in my grandmother's rose bushes and let me tell you, those things hurt like hell!

Daren rushed over to my side and pulled me to my feet. "I think that is enough for today, don't you think?" he asked my grandmother over my head as I was pulling thorns out of me.

I saw her nod her head out of the corner of my eye. "We'll so something lower key like meditation tomorrow, but first, I think that she has gotten quite a few cuts from the thorns..."

He smiled. "I'll take care of that. Guérir." Heal. Just like that, I was healed, I still had the headache, but at least I wasn't bleeding from multiple places anymore.

"Thanks," I said and gave him a peck on the cheek; he smiled at me and wound his arm around my waist.

"Grams, how were you ever able to keep being a witch from me so long, I get how you were able to do it when we visited but, I lived with you for a whole year." I wasn't sure of what made me think of this now, but I did and it was eating at me.

"You weren't in much of a mood to notice anything then dear and our powers are tied to our emotions. I wasn't able to use my powers then unless I concentrated with every part of my mind and I wasn't able to then. You had just lost your parents; you had the right to be a little unobservant."

I nodded and started to play with my mother's necklace that always hung around my neck. "Did you help her make this?" I asked, my voice broken but at least I wasn't crying.

She stepped closer and her wrinkled hands gingerly examined the crystal heart. "This is the most powerful protection spell that I have ever seen; I don't even know how she came across a spell this strong let alone found the power to cast it." Within the gold chain there was a protection spell, it have saved me on more than one occasion.

"Did she buy it then?"

"Dear, no one would ever give something as valuable as this up, don't take it off," she said mirroring what Daren had told me one time. "How did you come across it?"

"It was one of the only things that didn't burn in the fire. Grams, if she was so strong as to make this, then how did the warlocks...kill-" I chocked out the word "-her?"

"The only way that Clarissa would have given up was if someone threatened you or Cole, she was an honorable woman, a strong woman. I can see a lot of her in you."

I felt the tears in my eyes but I had to say this anyway. "But I am not strong."

"Oh, you are dear, but you will just have to find our how by yourself. Come on, Gramps has been wanting to talk to you."

"Shannon!" I heard my grandfather's voice shout in the house, "Where did you put my glasses."

"Ashton, they are on your head, again," my grams rolled her eyes and Daren and I laughed.

"Where- oh never mind, I found them. What- Scout!" he broke off in midsentence and came over to hug me.

"Well hello to you to Gramps. How many times do you forget that you already have your glasses on?"

He grinned. "I must losing my memory in my in my old age. Why don't you come in side and play some cards with me?"

I laughed again. "I take it that your memory isn't bad enough that I might actually win?"

"I don't think so Scout, you'll only beat me in a game of cards when I am dead and buried and I am not even sure that you will beat me then."

"We'll just have to see about that now, won't we Gramps." We laughed, forgetting the sad conversation that we had just had and went into the house to play cards like any normal family would.

{Author's Note: Sorry there was so much recap, but most-if not all- of the recaping should be done now. :D Please vote and comment!!

-Katie}

Chapter 4

The Wiccan Chosen One (Chap. 4)

Chapter 4

~~~Katheren's P.O.V. ~~~

"Where are we going?" I asked Daren that night.

"To a place."

I rolled my eyes. That was just so helpful. "To what place," I said slowly as if I was talking to someone who was mentally inept.

"If I told you, then I would have to kill you," he laughed.

I pouted. "Ple-ease," I whined, "I wanna kno-ow!"
~~~

He glanced at me out of the corner of his eye for a second before turning his attention back to focus on his driving. "I will say that you look more than hot enough to know," he said referring back to a conversation that we had had two years ago after I had first met him, "but I won't say that I am going to tell you."

After we had gotten back from my grandparent's house that evening, Daren had thrown a black dress at me and told me that he was going to take me somewhere. When I was done changing, he was trying to tie his tie for the dress shirt and pants combo that he was wearing. He saw me and his jaw dropped.

I hated dresses and it didn't help that this on was shorter and ended just past my thighs. I blushed and hide my face behind my hair as I went over to tie his tie for him. I had been trying-and failing- to get him to tell me where we were going ever since.

"We are here," he said and he opened my door to lead me to a place called Jason's Downtown Restaurant. To say the least, it was the fanciest restaurant that I

have ever gone to eat. Daren most likely knew this but I think that spoiling me was one of his favorite things to do. We ended up eating outside.

I looked around in awe as we were waiting for our food. Each table outside had its own candle and around the palm trees, they rapped white tinkle lights so that it was extremely romantic. There was also a small black wire fence separating the tables from the street. The inside looked more almost like a living room with random tables thrown about; it was complete with paintings, lounge chairs, and even to occasional lamp.

We both ordered salads and I think that Daren would have even ordered us wine but thankfully we weren't of legal drinking age. "This- this is something else," I told him. "Thank you, we give me more than I deserve."

He smiled at me. "But on the contrary, I believe that you deserve the world. Sadly, I am not entirely sure that I can give you that."

I blushed and looked down. "Are you sure that you are real? Or even a guy for that matter? You don't act

like most guys that I know. You act more like one of the guys in those romance novels that my mom used to read."

He laughed. "I am sure that I am real, and I am fairly sure that I am a male, you can always check if you wish," he offered slyly and I blushed and shook my head. I would take his word for it. "Oh, and for being a 'perfect' gentleman, I may speak like one and do some of the gestures that they do, but my thoughts sure aren't gentlemanly like at all. I am a hundred percent sure that some of my thoughts would get me in a lot of trouble, especially how inappropriate a time for me to be thinking some things. That, or you would blush, sometimes I am tempted to say them aloud to see what you would do."

"Like what are the thoughts about," I said slowly.

He blushed which I had rarely ever seen him do, but he covered it up with a smirk. "I am pretty sure that my body language will tell you what I am thinking some times."

"Why don't I think it is the normal body language you are talking about," I questioned him humorously.

"Because you are too smart for me," Daren said and then the waitress appeared with our food.

When we were done eating, we got into Daren's black car and headed off to god knows where. "Where are we going?" I groaned. I hated not knowing what expect.

He ended up taking me to a movie theater and told me to pick any movie that I wanted. I ended up picking some action movie knowing that he would enjoy a romance movie a little too much.

I know that sounds weird, but we had a tradition that every time we saw movies, regardless of what kind of movie it was, I would always kiss him when someone in the movie kissed.

I leaned into him and watched the movie quietly; amazingly I was able to fall asleep even with all the gun shots and the explosions. I didn't wake up until Daren shook me awake. "You can sleep through anything, can't you?" he laughed.

I smirked. "I am just that good."

He helped me up and I looked around, bewildered to see that the theater was almost empty. "You missed the whole movie," he clarified for me.

I yawned. "Back to the hotel?"

He pretended to be hurt. "Aw, I wanted to take you dancing."

I yawned again and he wrapped his arm around my waist knowing that I wouldn't be able to support most of my weight.

I walked to his car and when I opened my eyes again, Daren was carrying into my room. "What-?" I looked around confused; I was just in his car.

"You fell asleep and I am obviously carrying you in," he said setting me down on the fluffy bed.

"Mhm, okay." I scooted over to make room for him but I heard the bathroom door shut. I groaned and he came back a few seconds later in just pajama bottoms while I was still in my dress. I was too out of it to care.

"Love you Kates," he told me.

"I love you too," I mumbled and fell asleep with my head resting on his chest.

~~~Daren's P.O.V. ~~~

I was stroking her hair as Katheren fell asleep. I knew why she was so tired but I wasn't sure if I should tell her. She didn't know what being the chosen one meant. I was afraid to tell her, I didn't want to worry her.

I was having trouble hiding it from her. Not only was she always able to tell when I lied, but I hated keeping something from her so much that I almost told her many times.

I knew one thing though, when I told her, I would stand by her. What I was hiding was not something that normal people just accepted, it would drive some people insane even, but I wouldn't allow that to happen.

I had almost lost her twice already, which was two times too many. I didn't think that almost would apply to the third time as well.
~~~

I made up my mind then. I would tell Katheren tomorrow, no holding back, no backing out.

Chapter 5

The Wiccan Chosen One (Chap. 5)

Chapter 5

~~~Katheren's P.O.V. ~~~

I got up and went over to the kitchen in our hotel suite. This was the first time that I had ever woken up before Daren, so I decided to try my hand at making breakfast. When I finished making French toast, he still wasn't up and now he was muttering. I covered up the warm food with another plate and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Don't go... please, no... Kates..." He was tossing in bed.
~~~

"Daren?" He didn't answer, he just kept thrashing. "Daren, wake up. Daren!" I touched his face and he jumped. He blinked looking completely confused, and then his eyes focused on me. Without warning, he hugged me. "Daren," I gasped, "...can't...breathe..."

He immediately loosened his grip on me but he buried his face in my hair and kissed my neck. "Sorry, nightmare."

"What was it about?"

"Two years ago: Sara." The warlock who had almost succeeded in killing us both.

I hugged him back and tried not to shake. She was gone and yet just the thought of her freaked me out. "Don't worry... I sent her...somewhere, remember?"

"You sent her to a parallel dimension, yes, but I still don't like the idea for her getting as close to you as she did."

"You can't always be there."

His arms tighten around me again. "I will be. I refuse to let another warlock ever get within a hundred yards of you."

I smiled, overprotective much? "I will be fine. I am the Chosen One remember, I have freaky powers, so I will be safe. Don't worry."

"I have to tell you something," he murmured keeping his face hidden from me.

His tone confused me. It sounded... worried? "What is it?"

"Being the Chosen One isn't what you think it is," Daren told me, "it's not entirely a good thing. The Chosen One is a witch who the Ancestors can posses, to give their power to when they need it the most, who have imaginable strength, their powers are unmatched by others when they are trained. You also know that a downfall to it is when the Ancient's assist you, you either lose their memory of it or the details of it become mixed in your head.

"What you were never told that Chosen Ones have to fight to remain in control of their own bodies. They

have to fight to keep their sanity. If we don't complete your training before the next time that the Ancients posses you, intentionally or not, you might not regain control of your body. It would be essentially battle of the wills.

"If there was some way that I could make you cease being the Chosen One, I would. I am terrified of losing you, you can't even begin to understand," he sighed and hugged me closer to him.

I sat there frozen but after a moment, I broke out of his grip to look him in the eyes. "You won't lose me," I told him determined, "I won't let them take me away from you."

He closed his eyes in an attempt to hide his pain from me. "I hope that you are right."

After that, we ended up eating the breakfast that I had made earlier and heading over to my grandparents house again. "Grams?" I called opening up the front door, "Are you ready to torture me a- oh, sorry." I mumbled blushing as soon as I noticed that I had just intruded on a conversation that my grandmother was having with some other guests.

"Oh, it's okay dear; we were just talking about you anyway."

When she said that, I looked at the 'we' that she was talking about. Sitting on the couch, there was two girls, one a very pretty blond and the other an also stunning brunet, and a boy who had black hair. They all had looked about seventeen, and had the same brown eyes; it was obvious that they were related. And they were staring at me.

"Katheren, Daren," my grandmother said, "this is Delilah, Bethany, and Samson." We all mumbled a semi-awkward 'hi' or 'hello'. "Now that you two are here- oh, I'll be right back," she said then bustled out of the room.

"So what exactly did I interrupt?" I asked before an even more awkward silence could set in.

The caramel-colored hair Bethany was the one to answer. "Mrs. Page was just telling her about her granddaughter who I assume to be you."

I blushed. "Yes." I was the only one she had. "What did she say?"

"That you are the Wiccan Chosen One."

"Sadly," I mumbled.

"You don't want to be?" Delilah guessed.

"I don't want to be a witch really."

She nodded seeming to understand. "Neither do I, but my cousins here, Bethany and Samson won't let me ignore my blood, but I can see how your situation would be worse. How long have you known that you have powers?"

"A little over two years ago."

Her eye widened. "Really? You didn't know that you had powers until then?"

"I didn't know that there was such a thing as witches before then."

This whole idea seemed to intrigue Delilah. "So who told you?"

"Daren."

She turned her bright chocolate eyes onto my fiancé. "How did you know that she was a witch?"

He shrugged. "I didn't. When I first met her, I noticed that I couldn't do a spell around her and when I tried to see her aura, I couldn't. So I figured that she was either a warlock or a very powerful witch."

"You can see auras?" Bethany asked.

"Yep."

"Wow," she said. Was it just me or did her tone sound like she was flirting? "So did you two become really close after that?" I think I might be losing it because I could have sworn that she just glared at me, but now her face looked completely friendly.

Daren beamed and he squeezed my hand slightly. "Katheren and I are actually engaged." I was surprised that he didn't burst with pride as he said it.

Samson, who had been staring intently at me throughout this whole conversation turned to glower at Daren. What was up with those two siblings?

"Sorry about," my grandmother said coming back into the living room, "Aston, my husband, needed my help. Now, Kate you came here to be...'tortured' as you put it?"

"My training? Yeah, it's torture, but you don't need to do that now, you have guests over."

"They are here to watch you training."

"Great," I mumbled, "more people to witness how much I suck at being a witch."

Daren chuckled and we all headed out to the back yard to watch me fail horribly.

"Okay, you have gotten meditation down and you have a very good control of flaring your aura. Now we need to see you use your aura to generate magic."

I groaned, "Grams, last time you said that, I ended up landing in a rose bush."

She laughed. "I am still amazed at how you were able to make a transporting spell explode." I scowled at her, so not helping. "All I want you to do is to create a force field."

I sighed. This so wasn't going to work. "Bouclier." Shield.

Just as I saw my shield manifest around me, I heard Bethany and Delilah start chanting in what I thought

to be Latin. I felt pressure on my shield trying to make it clasp on itself. I gritted my teeth and mentally stood my ground, not allowing them to get through.

I didn't hear him say anything, but then I could feel Samson's presence too aiding the girls in getting past my defenses. Amazingly, I held my ground. Next, I felt my grandmother's powers added to the almost devastating force. I felt Daren's push last and I lost it.

My shield shattered around my and I went flying back a few yards only to land on my butt. "Ow," I groaned and Daren helped me up.

I was expecting either him or my grandmother say 'you did it wrong' but instead he said, "Good job."

"How was that a good job?" I asked rubbing my throbbing head, "I lost and my spell somehow back fired on me again."

"You were fighting against all of us dear," my grandmother interjected, "that's hard even for a trained witch and we have just begun your training. Let's try again, but this time, do not underestimate

your abilities, you are stronger than you give yourself credit for."

We went on for hours it seemed and I really got to know the other witches. Delilah was sweet, but very shy. Bethany was... I am not sure how to explain it, but she seemed entirely wrapped up in what Daren did, then suddenly she would lash out at me; it made no sense. Samson was a different story. In all the time that all of us had been talking, he had not spoken once, he would only nod or use some other body language; he was very... different.

We had moved on to having me block actual attacks

when I had suddenly stiffened and whirled around. "Did you hear that?" I asked, but I said it so fast that it really was didyouhearthat?

Everybody froze and listened. "I don't hear anything

Kates. What exactly are we listening for?"

"I-I- never mind," I said, but I could have sworn that I just heard a laugh and now I couldn't shake the feeling that someone was watching me. I shook it off and went back to the lesson.

{Author's Note: sorry that it is kinda boring, but I promise that it will pick up, but i needed to introduce some... people... first. :) Please comment and vote!

-Katie}

Chapter 6

The Wiccan Chosen One (Chap. 6)

Chapter 6

~~~Katheren's P.O.V ~~~

A month of training passed, July melted into august. I trained with Grams, Daren, and the Dyce Family- which I had learned was Delilah, Bethany, and Samson's last name. In the end, I had mastered the shield, completed a few shaky teleports, was able to summon sprits, learned to control the other three of the elements that I didn't know- I could already control fire, so I was taught how to control, water, wind, and air, but I was never told what the fifth element was- I was taught the spell to see the future
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but I could never accomplish it, and I was taught to influence the weather. Before the summer had started, Daren had taught me one that was supposed to confuse my attacker, one made me invisible, and another to knock someone out, and some others that I forgot an hour after I had learned them.

In total, I knew fourteen spells. I had learned more in a month than some witches learned in a year, I didn't like that feeling. No matter how many spells I knew, I would never like being a witch.

Daren and I packed up our things and left my grandma in Santa Ana and returned to our homes in Seattle. Nothing new had happened since we left, but they did plan a welcome home party for us. I hated parties, but I loved the chance to see Sabrina again, Daren also liked to see his friends too.

"So," Daren said to me the night that we got home, "You look tired."

"I'm fine," I said quietly.

He smirked. "No you're not," he said knocking my feet out from under me.

I gasped. "Daren put me down."

"Nope," he said heading towards the stairs.

"Live it up girl," Sabrina laughed, "I would love a guy to 'sweep me off of my feet.'"

I groaned. She would. I loved the gesture, just not in front of so many people. He pushed open the door to my room and gently set me on the bed. "I don't know how I am going to sleep tonight," he mumbled sitting on the edge of my bed.

I yawned. "Why not?"

"I am so used to you being in my arms when I slept, I am worried about all of the trouble that you could get into without my constant supervision."

"I will be fine," I promised. "If you get worried, call my cell. I will answer, but you might not get more than a groan."

He laughed slightly. "I will hold you to that. Goodnight, love you Kates."

"Mhm, me too." I heard my door quietly close and then I feel sleep. It was not be best night of sleep that I had ever had.

~~~Daren's P.O.V. ~~~

"Good morning!" an annoying voice broke through the haze in my brain. I hadn't really slept in days, and just when exhaustion would start to claim me, this is what I would hear.

"Let me sleep ma," I groan and covered my head with my pillow. It was a freaking Saturday and she still wouldn't let me sleep.

"It is nine o'clock Daren, it is time to get up."

"Ugh," I groaned, "who the hell gets up at a nine on a Saturday?"

"You're friends."

"Well that doesn't mean I have to."

"We'll see about that, I am sending them up, you have two minutes to get up."

I heard her leave the room but I didn't move. It seemed like seconds later when I heard my door
~~~

open and close again. I felt my bed shift slightly but I pretended to be asleep. I knew my friends could be dumbasses sometimes, but they wouldn't be stupid enough as to wake me up.

Senior year had already started and it was late October already. My friends could tell that I wasn't sleeping very much and gave me a little bit of leeway with my moods.

Time passed- and I am not sure how long because of the stupor that I was in- but I could hear their breathing. I felt the bed shift again and then something warm pressed against me. I took a deep breath about to ask them what in the hell they were doing, but I recognized that sent, I was pretty sure that none of them smelled like roses. "Kates?" I asked groggily, too tried to move the pillow from my head but not tired enough to wrap my arms around her.

"Yeah Daren?"

"Why are you here?" I asked her as she snuggled closer to me.

"I haven't been sleeping very well." I guess I wasn't alone there. "So I came over hoping to see if you could keep me awake considering how good you are in the morning. But you looked like you were already sleeping... and I got tired..." she trailed off.

"I am glad you showed up," I told her yawning, "I couldn't sleep either. I need you for that."

When I woke up again, the sun was just starting to rise. I stretched and sat up. Katheren wriggled herself closer to me. For a second I wondered how she could fall asleep in jeans and a sweatshirt, but considering how tired both of us had been, it wasn't surprising.

I leaned back against my head board and stroked her hair, thinking about nothing in particular. It was about a half an hour, before Katheren moved.

She groaned and buried her face in my chest. "I don't wanna wake up yet Lyn." She really wasn't a morning person.

I laughed. "I didn't know my name was Lyn."

She froze momentarily. "Am I still dreaming?" she asked cautiously.

"I am not sure; you're not really the sanest person in the morning..." She sat up and hit me playfully. I rubbed my chest. "Ow, that hurt!" I laughed at her horrified expression. "I was just kidding."

She hit me again, a little harder this time and fell back on to the bed. "How did I get here again? I remember getting up because I couldn't sleep, then I took a shower, and everything after that is a blur."

"Apparently you came here because neither of us could sleep. I am not sure how you got here, but I would assume that you drove the few blocks."

"Hmm, okay. What time is it?"

I checked the clock on my bedside table. "7:00, I am not sure what day it is."

"Halloween, I would guess, I know I was tired as hell, but I don't think that I could sleep two days in a row."

"I wouldn't put it passed you. You could sleep through an atomic war. Come on; time to get up sleeping beauty."

She groaned. "But your bed is comfy." I slid out form under her and walked over to her side and pulled at her wrist so she would have to wake up. She didn't. I picked her up and carried her downstairs and set her down in a kitchen chair.

"Good morning Daren," my mom said coming into the kitchen, "you look better. Good morning Katheren." Katheren didn't answer but she waved her hand in a flimsy wave.

"Morning ma, I am surprised that you didn't wake us up," I stated them started to help her make breakfast.

"I know that you haven't been sleeping so well and I didn't think that either of you were going to move anytime soon. It's Samhain, so don't be late for the casting tonight."

"I won't ma."

"Samhain? What's a casting?" Katheren mumbled sleepily into the table.

"Samhain, All Hallows Eve, Halloween, The Day of the Dead, all the same day, just different names and slightly different meanings," I explained, "Samhain is the day where the veil of the world of the living and the dead is the thinnest, when spirits both good and evil can enter our world and either commune with the living or cause havoc. We make jack-o-lanterns laced with protection spells to ward away evil sprits and balefires that are supposed to do some purification thing and also keep away evil sprits."

"The casting," his mother continued, "is when we cast a circle that involves all of the elements and after the circle is purified, we are able to cast some of our most powerful spells. It is amazing." The awe in her voice as she talked about this was unmistakable.

Katheren raised her head, intrigued enough to wake up. "So why do-" I smiled and let them go on with their questions. My mom knew everything about witch lore and Katheren's curiosity was never satisfied.

"What should I wear?" Katheren freaked out, she was still in her clothes from the day before.

I smirked. "I got the perfect thing." I laughed at her horrified expression. "Trust me?"

"Not on this."

I ignored the comment and went into my closet. "I believe this is yours," I said holding up the black strapless dress that she has worn on one of our dates in Santa Ana, which had somehow ended up in my suitcase.

She paled. "Hell no."

"We don't have time to go back to your house," I stated.

"Yeah we do, it isn't even five minutes away in car."

"Just put it on, please, I don't want you to miss anything. It is your first Samhain."

She sighed but grabbed the dress out of my hand, scowling at me, then headed off into my closet. I headed back into my closet and grabbed black jeans and a black tee-shirt. I had my outfit picked out and on before she came back out.

"Why can't I wear my jeans?" she whined, "You are."

"Because you wore those clothes yesterday-"

"Your mom washed them while I was in the shower this morning," she interjected.

"Kates, let me finished?" I asked amused. She pouted but nodded. I was distracted by how she looked for a moment. Her jade green eyes stuck out because of the dark dress, the dress hugged her curves, and-Focus Daren! "You have to wear that because all female witches wear black dress to this and male witches wear all black."

"Aren't they supposed to wear cloaks?" she asked as I dragged her towards the door.

"That's warlocks. We at least pretend to be normal; they on the other hand think that they are God's gift to the world or something like that."

She nodded and soon we pulled up to where the ritual would be held. We were far enough back in the woods that no drunk teenagers would stumble upon us but close enough that everyone could get there in time. "Come on, Kates," I said opening up her door, "don't let go of my hand," I told her and she grabbed

on to my hand for dear life. I smiled, she was so funny.

"So when does this thing start?"

"In an hour."

"Why are we here so-?"

"I want you to see how they purify everything, that and it is a five to ten minute walk to the clearing." I smirked. She was going to be in such a surprise. Most people didn't understand the Wiccan ways, they thought of us just as a colt, doing what our coven masters told us to do without any thought of our own, but being a witch just wasn't about the magic. It was about the bound within ourselves to the earth, to each other. She was going to be very surprised.

~~~Katheren's P.O.V. ~~~

I clutched on to Daren's hand as he lead me to the forest I-don't-know-how-many-miles away from Seattle. I tried to find a path but failed. Daren on the other hand walked confidently as if this was his house that he was walking to.
~~~

We broke from the trees and ended up in a large elliptical clearing. There were a few people there moving all over, strangle enough, there was one lady even sweeping the grass?

I turned to ask Daren what she was doing. "She is sweeping starting in the northeast with the besom, or broom, and walk counter-clockwise to 'sweep out' negative energy to purify the whole area. The others are setting stones around the area to keep evil out, and others are blessing the elements so that they will be 'ready' for the ritual. " His voice was highly skeptical, like he thought they were wasting there time.

"You don't believe in the 'old ways'," I guessed humorously referring back to something that his mother had mentioned in passing earlier.

"Not all of them."

We watched them flit around the large space doing odd things. Well at least to me it was a little odd. Minutes passed and more and more people joined us in the clearing. Males and females, young and old, couples and groups of friends, and there were even a

few people who came alone. Everyone talked with one another and it reminded me of a family reunion, people were hugging, laughing, and catching up on old times.

A half an hour had passed and an older woman in her early fifties called everyone to order. "Blessed be," she said and everyone around the circle returned the greeting. "We are here tonight to celebrate the great holiday of Samhain! We will start with a chant."

Everyone gathered into a circle and joined hands. Together, they all chanted.

"Be unafraid of Shadows dark

And to their whispers

Do Not Hark

Unfriendly words

You do Not hear

No worry, trouble

Loss or Fear

No Shadow falls

Upon your Heart

We Stand Together

Though Apart.

We Stand Together

Ever Winning

All our spells

Together Spinning

For Every End

A New Beginning

Wealthy, Healthy,

Happy, Free

If this your Will

So Mote It Be!"

I felt a slight warmth flow through me, but otherwise I didn't see anything else happen. She went on about things that were happening within the 'Wiccan Community', but I most just marveled at how many

different people were here. She then she said something about casting the circle and my ears pricked up. There were four people in a smaller circle within our circle each holding a candle and one that stood alone in the middle on an alter. She first went to the person holding the yellow candle. "Air, I summon you to our circle," she called out, her voice clear and confident. She lit the candle. Wind, flared up a strong force surrounding the meadow but the flame never went out.

Then she moved to the person with the red candle. "Fire, I summon you to our circle." The fires that were lit around the clearing flared strong and bright, and then died down as she moved to the person with the blue candle. "Water, I summon you to our circle." Rain fell briefly from the sky but touched no one and the fires kept strong. She moved to the last person with the green candle. "Earth, I summon you to our circle." The ground shook and trees groaned, then quieted. Finally she moved to the center of the circle where the one lone purple candle stood on a stand. "Spirit," she called and I finally learned the name of the fifth element, "I summon you to our circle." I am

not sure how to describe this, but I felt so good all of a sudden, almost like I was flying.

When all of the candles were lit, she summoned the goddess. "I welcome you, oh great goddess, Hecate, we thank you for the gifts you have given us and the power of your knowledge that your have passed on to us," she said and lit a final candle which was a 'vessel' for the goddess to possess as to what was explained to me before.

The ritual went on by everyone saying a chant in a language that I couldn't even fathom a word of what they said. People form the other circle came forward to say poems that you just got lost in whether you understood their true meanings or not, people danced, and gave gifts to the goddess Hecate.

It was about eleven at night when I started to feel it. I gasped and grabbed at my head. "Are you okay Kates?" Daren whispered in alarm.

I shook my head unable to answer. We left the celebration, hurrying back through the forest to his car.

I couldn't take it anymore. My knees clasped and I fell to the dirt floor, losing myself in the darkness.

{Author's Note: Sorry it too me so long, but in the begining of this chapter I was having a bit of writer's block and the second part took me forever to get all of the right information to get it as real as possible. I was even able to find a real spell. :D

Here are the charater pics.

Katheren- http://media.photobucket.com/image/blonde%20girl/rockstarartist13000/blonde_girl_web-1.gif

And- take the first pic and mix it with the next pic's hair and you've got Daren- 1st pic- http://img126.imageshack.us/i/hunter1fl7.jpg/

2nd- http://media.photobucket.com/image/black%20haired%20boy/tanya-hime/ryou.jpg

Please comment and vote. :)

-Katie}

Chapter 7

The Wiccan Chosen One (Chap. 7)

Chapter 7

~~~Daren's P.O.V. ~~~

The Samhain celebration was about ten minutes away from ending and Katheren still looked absolutely entranced. I was just watching her, unable to focus on the festivities, when her smile became a grimace.

She gasped and curled in, taking her head in her hands. Her expression quickly twisted into pain and her breathing shifted into panting.
~~~

"Are you okay, Kates?" I whispered in alarm. She shook her head and I grabbed her hand practically dragging her back to my car. Only a few people that we standing right next to us noticed that something was happening.

We were only a few minutes away from my car when she gasped again and fell to the ground. I was barely able to catch her in time. Her body was limp and tense at the same time. I could feel her heart beating frantically against me as I shifted her so I could pick her up and run to my car.

Before I had a hold on her, she was gone. I blinked and looked up and there was Katheren standing in front of me. At least it looked like her.

She was floating about a foot off of the ground and there was a gold light that surrounded her. Wind seemed to be ripping at her, but the air was still. Her blonde hair flew around her like a hurricane and she glared at me with eyes that were liquid silver.

This wasn't my Katheren.

"Finally," a voice gasped. The voice sounded like a group of people had all started to talk at once, both male and female. Then the eyes focused on me. "Witch child. What day is it?"

"Samhain," I answer reflexively, but my voice was grated and just above a whisper. "Where is Katheren?" I demanded, my voice slowly gaining strength. "Who-what are you?"

It laughed. "Has the knowledge truly been lost? Do you really not notice the greatness of The Ancients when they appear before you?" the voices sneered, clearly pissed off by my lack of knowledge.

I didn't have the mind to care. I could only think of one thing. "Where is she? What have you done with her?"

The Ancients laughed, but it didn't seem to contain as many voices as before. "We have possessed her. This is our body now and we don't plan on giving it back," this time it was only a snide female voice that spoke.

"Now Amarantha," a male piped in, "our time has passed, we cannot stay. It is her time now. We are here to guide, not to take her life as our own."

"Silence, Ezra," the annoying voice spoke again that I figured was Amarantha, "I do not care, I have waited countless vessels for this, I refuse to wait anymore!" The gold mist that was surrounding Katheren's body darkened and shifted to black. The ground around me began to shake and trees shifted and seemed to come alive, pulling on their roots.

The cold silvery eyes turned towards me again. "There is only one thing holding me back, she is fighting for you." She smirked and I shivered at how sinister it was. "I know just how to solve that." She pointed a finger at me and roots shot up to envelope me and I felt wind starting to cut off my air. "I kill you and she has no reason to live."

"Amarantha," I heard another female voice shout and I was able to breathe again, but I was still trapped and I couldn't free my hands enough to use a spell. I was completely useless. I hated it. "We do not kill, warlocks do that, we are not evil."

Amarantha's cruel voice laughed. "Aikaterine, so naïve, you will be the first that I rid myself of."

She said started to say a spell in a language that was long dead and I picked up the smell of something burning and rotting flesh.

I felt a tug and I finally realized what she was doing. "No," I screamed. "You can't do this." The apparitions ignored me and continued to chant. There wasn't as may as there had been when The Ancients first spoke, but it was enough to accomplish Amarantha's goal. I tried something else. "Katheren! Fight it; don't let them take you away. I need you, don't you dare leave!"

~~~Katheren's P.O.V. ~~~

I didn't know where I was. It was black, and cold, and I heard voices, but other than that, I felt nothing else. I looked around me, but there was nothing.

I felt presences though. I felt about five different men and about six women. I didn't know who they were, where they were, or what they wanted, but I could.
~~~

"Finally," they all said at once. "Witch child. What day is it?"

"Samhain," a familiar voice said, but I couldn't place it. "Where is Katheren?" That name also seemed like I knew it. "Who-what are you?"

"Has the knowledge truly been lost? Do you really not notice the greatness of The Ancients when they appear before you?" What was happening here? Who were these people?

"Where is she? What have you done with her?"

Man, this guys was persistent, if they hadn't given back that girl by now, they probably weren't going to. I didn't really pay attention anymore; I was more focused on figuring out where I was. How did I get here? The last thing I remember is... nothing actually. I don't even really know who I am.

"We have possessed her. This is our body now and we don't plan on giving it back." There was only one voice that spoke now, but I could hear both murmurs of agreement and cries of outrage at this.

"Now Amarantha, our time has passed, we cannot stay. It is her time now. We are here to guide, not to take her life as our own." I liked this voice. He sounded wise and nice. He was also one of the few that didn't give me a headache.

"Silence, Ezra!" that voice started again and the rest was lost to me. She talked too damn much.

There was a bright silver light forming in the blackness that surrounded me. A beautiful girl appeared before me wearing an outfit that looked better fit of England in the early 1100's. Ringlets that had escaped from her bun fell gracefully around her face and her sparkling eyes were haunted. She was shimmering and I swear that I could see through her.

"Child," she whispered urgently, "you must fight her. Do not let her win. It is your time now, not theirs. They are corrupt; you mustn't let her take control of you. You mustn't!"

Who are you? What's happening? I tired to ask her, but she had disappeared and another voice spoke up that sent shivers down my spine.

"I kill you and she has no reason to live."

"Amarantha." It was the girl who had appeared in front of me before, I recognized her voice. "We do not kill, warlocks do that, we are not evil!"

She laughed. "Aikaterine, so naïve," she tisk-ed. "You will be the first that I rid myself of." What the hell was wrong with this chick?

I didn't time to pounder this. The crazy voice was chanting now. I felt heat swell up in my body. I grabbed onto my head and fell to my knees screaming. Tears steamed from my eyes. I felt like someone was trying to tear me apart, piece by piece, bit by bit. Couldn't anyone help me in this blackness that engulfed me?

I screamed again in fresh agony as the pain seemed to double.

"No!" The voice was almost an echo to mine and was the only relief to the pain that I felt, if only minutely. "You can't do this!" he continued. "Katheren! Fight it; don't let them take you away. I need you, don't you dare leave!"

He was right. I could fight it, I had to.

But the pain kept building; it was so bad that I was barely even able to scream anymore. I couldn't do this, not alone, I wasn't strong enough.

Just when I thought the pain was going to be too much, when I thought I would die from it, there were more voices. The voices started to drown out the other sickening chant. The pain was slowly fading.

"You must fight it!" Aikaterine gasped. "We cannot hold them back for long."

I didn't know what to do. I didn't even know who these people were, must less what was happening. So I did what any sane person would do when they were as afraid as I was. I ran like hell. I pushed my way to my feet and ran. I ran in the blackness, the nothingness. I didn't know where I was running to, only what I was running away from and what I was running towards. That familiar voice was still coming. It was chanting the same thing that the other voices were chanting to get rid of the pain.

I kept running and then I broke through the desolation and into the light. I was floating, but the second that I opened my eyes, I fell to my knees, my face landing in the dirt.

"Katheren!" was the last thing that I heard before I fell into blackness once again.

{Author's Note: I have to say that that was fun to wirte! I don't know why, it just was. There will be much more action after this but the next two chapters or so will be a little slow then I get to write my action scenes again. :) Please comment and vote. Thanks

-Katie}

Chapter 8

The Wiccan Chosen One (Chap. 8)

Chapter 8

~~~Katheren's P.O.V~~~

I groaned and rolled over. I was sore, my head was pounding, and I heard an annoying ringing in my ears. I reached over and tried to turn off my alarm clock, my hand ran through thin air.

I heard a chuckle. "What are you doing?" I heard someone whisper, their breath tickling my ear.

I groaned again. "Trying to turn off that annoying ringing."

"There's no ringing," he said, concerned.
~~~

"Yes there is, you must be deaf, Daren. Ugh," I groaned, "I think I know what people feel like when they have hangover." I kept my eyes closed, but tried to sit up, I felt dizzy and I fell back down to the pillows.

"Wow, you okay there?"

"No." I opened up my eyes to find myself in Daren's room, on his bed, I flipped over and Daren's face was just inches from mine. "What happened? The last thing I remember is the Samhain celebration thing and then nothing, a blank."

Daren's face darkened. "Do you remember how I told you that spirits could easily travel into our world during Samhain?" I nodded. "Do you also remember that I told you before that the Ancestors can easily posses? The Ancestors were the most powerful witches of all times and when they posses you when you aren't ready, you would have to fight from letting them permanently control your body."

I paled, the importance of what he said slowly sinking in. "So the Ancients, Ancestors, whatever

they are called, tried to take over my body when they would be the strongest?"

He nodded and his arms tightened around my waist. "They almost succeeded too. I couldn't do anything, I was trapped, and then they started to do a disembodiment spell that would allow them to take over your body. I am not sure what happened, if some of the others disagreed that they fought against the ones that were trying to take over your body or if you were fighting back, but some other... voice was saying the reversal spell. The spell that was trapping me ceased and I added my magic to the reversal spell and then the Ancestors... dispossessed... you and then you passed out."

I didn't understand all of that, my head was pounding too hard for me to pay that close of attention. Something that I did notice was that I passed out a lot, I wasn't a very big fan of that. "Tell me later, I can't think straight right now." I got up and Daren caught me before I fell over. "Why do I feel like crap?" I asked him.

"It was from when the spirits took you over, it was just too many souls inside your body, too many auras warring against one another, that it causes you physical pain now. Don't try that hard to figure it out, you'll probably feel worse." He led me into his bathroom, with the clothes that I had worn over to his house once and left the room.

When I finished my shower and getting ready about ten minutes later, I came into his room to hear voices drift through the wall.

"But Ma," Daren was saying, "we could bind her powers, if she has no powers, she can't be possessed, she won't be the Chosen One anymore."

"We cannot make such a decision for her," I heard his mother rebuke. "I raised you to be a gentleman; I will not have you going around taking someone's rights away from them."

"But you weren't there," Daren said, his voice broken. "When she was possessed, she was not herself, some of the spirits were evil and then later when they tried to take complete control of her body, I could almost hear her soul screaming in pain. The spirits almost

made her kill me, so even if she somehow had fought them off on her own after that, she would have lost part of herself, become something that she is not.

"You could see it in her eyes, she had no control over any of her actions. I failed as a mentor; I couldn't teach her what was needed to protect herself. This whole mess is my fault. She either needs another mentor or we have to bind her powers."

"She could handle herself if this happened again. She is stronger than she looks," his mother defended me.

"I know she can, I just don't want her to ever go through that again. I saw the pain that it put her through and I refuse to let that happen again."

I opened his door and slipped out into the hall. "I won't let anyone else but you be my mentor and besides, it is not you're fault that all of this happened. It's mine," I told him, his mom looked over his shoulder to give me a look of encouragement and Daren whipped around to face me.

He looked angry. "It is not your fault, it's-"

"It is not yours either," I told him. I leaned around him to look at his mother, "Can I talk to him for a moment?"

She smiled kindly at me. "I'll be downstairs." It sounded more like a warning towards Daren then anything.

I walk back into Daren's room and sat on his bed. He stood in the middle of the floor just glaring at me after he shut the door. He opened his mouth to talk, but I held my hand up, silencing him. "Sit." I pointed to the bed next to me. "Dammit, come over her Daren or I will force you."

He glared at me even more, but he did what I demanded. He was sitting as far as he could from me and his face was turned the other way. "Kates, it's my fault," he stated and I could tell that his anger was directed more at himself then at me.

My eyes narrowed angrily and I forced his chin towards me. "It was the godforsaken spirits fault, it was the universes fault, it was my fault, but it sure as hell wasn't your fault." He opened his mouth to

comment, but I cut him off by slamming my lips into his.

I knew I was cheating, but this was the best way to get him to forget his anger. He reacted automatically, by wrapping his arms around me and kissing me back. He pushed me back onto the bed and straddled me, "I was supposed to be mad," he murmured, against my cheek when we broke away for air.

"About what?" I tested him.

"I really don't care at the moment," he said and his lips were back on mine.

It was a few minutes before either of us could get the fire out from our systems- or at least dulled. Daren rolled off of me and pulled me into his chest.

"You need to tell me."

"Hmmm?" he mumbled into my hair.

"About what happened last night, no leaving anything out."

He tensed. There was no doubt that he remembered what he was mad at now.

He sighed. "We left the celebration, then it just seemed like you were sick, but now I realize that the Ancestors were beginning to take control of you and you were subconsciously fighting it. You ended up losing the fight and they took control of your body. The Ancestors are from all period of times and are the most powerful witches that there are, so once they got control of you, there was literally no limit to what they could do.

"Since the spirits have been able to posses so many people throughout the ages, adapt with them, learn with them, change with them, but not all the changes were good. Some of the spirits seemed to developed an evil side. Obviously, some of them were not happy with just being thrown back into the shadow land when there was no one that they could posses, so they tried to take over your body.

"But then the Ancients, the most powerful of all Ancestors realized this, and they helped you fight for control again."

I closed my eyes and I could see blurry, unfocused scenes, all taking place in a black... abyss? I couldn't tell.

It was your own subconscious, I heard a feminine voice whisper.

My head jerked around and I pulled out of Daren's arms. "What was that? Who's there?"

Daren looked at me confused, but with concern in his eyes. "What was what? There is no one here, except you, me, and my mom."

"No," I protested, "I just heard some lady whisper something. You honestly didn't hear anything?"

His nose scrunched up as he thought about it. "No. I think it is just the fatigue from yesterday. Get some rest; we will talk more about this tomorrow. My mom already talked to Lyn so you are staying over here tonight."

I could have sworn that I heard something. "Okay," I agreed uneasily.

I really think that I was starting to lose it, first I get possessed by ghosts, now I am hearing voices. Defiantly crazy.

{Author's Note: I hope this cleared up the last chapter for you (especally you Danny2009), ik it is kind of boringm but it is ment to be a filler. Oh and to me it sounded like it wouldn't make much sense, so if it doesn't to you, tell me and i will fix it right away. Please comment and vote.

-Katie}

Chapter 9

The Wiccan Chosen One (Chap. 9)

Chapter 9

~~~Katheren's P.O.V. ~~~

Planning a wedding is more stressful than it sounds. With the event of Halloween long forgotten, everybody- by everybody, I mean Lyn, Sabrina, and Daren's mother, Mellissa. Apparently we needed gowns, tuxes, cake, decorations, imitations, catering, and flowers- not the bouquet, but other kinds too- and some other things that I had already forgotten what they were. I was lost, completely and without a doubt lost.
~~~

I tried to help them out, I honestly tried, but I could have been just sitting back and watching the show for all the help that I did. I didn't get to see Daren during the day, only at night since I was staying over at his house because his parents and my aunt both decided that we needed sleep and knew we wouldn't try... anything because of the threats that they gave us.

The brides mates- mate, Sabrina was my only one- dress had already been found and bought, Daren already had his tux fitted, as did his dad- who was going to walk me down the isle since my dad didn't live long enough to-, the cake order was in, the small number of invitations sent out, the church and the catering service booked. Basically all that we needed were my dress and the flowers, well at least I hoped.

It was March now, and the wedding was set for June twenty-first, the summer solstice. I still thought that we had tons of time, but the girls didn't seem so certain, I didn't even try to pretend to understand when they tried to explain otherwise to me.

Tomorrow all three of them were taking me out to find a dress design so that it could be tailored.

"I am so tired!" I groaned that night, dropping onto Daren's bed after my long, hot shower.

I could hear Daren's laugh through the closet door as he changed for bed. "And why is that?" he asked innocently when he finished.

"Your mother, my aunt, and my so-called-best-friend are trying to kill me! I swear to god that they are!"

He smirked and sat down on the bed, moving my head to reposition it on his chest. "And how do you think that they are doing that?"

"They make me go shopping from the second that school ends until eight o'clock at night and they still expect me to have a social life and get my hours of homework done. And I don't even like shopping!"

He shook his head, exasperated. "I don't even get how they could think of things to look for that long. Sometimes girl logic is completely lost on me."

"You're not the only one! I am not exactly a tom-boy, but I am not a girly-girl either, I don't understand the fashion crap or shopping for days on end and still enjoying it."

I felt him move under me and I knew that he was trying not to laugh. "Considering how persistent Sabrina is, you're going to learn soon. You have your faults, but I love you anyway."

"How is that a fault? I don't think that not understanding things that normal girls do without even thinking is a fault. Oh, wait, don't comment."

"But-"

I lightly elbowed him in the ribs. "Oh shut up or else."

"Or else what?" he challenged.

"Or else that you will need to find a new bride."

He stiffed, but then relaxed and when he spoke, he sounded amused. "If you think that I would get up that easily then you have another thing coming. Once I go after something, I don't give up until I have it, you will be my wife even if I have to kidnap you."

"Ha ha, very funny," I said sarcastically. Then something occurred to me. "Why do you want to marry me so badly anyway?" I asked him seriously, "I mean when you proposed we had only known each other for about a month. So why the urgency? Why not wait? We have all of our lives, why now?"

"Do you regret saying yes?" Daren's voice was calm but his arms were like steel bands around me.

"No, no, not at all," I protested, "I was just wondering."

He sighed and relaxed. "You know that old saying, 'you don't know what you have until it's gone' or something like that? Well, just right away, I felt something towards you that I had never felt before, like-like some kind of pull. Then I got to know you, not know every little detail about you, but I really got to know your character, what you were really like, and that seemed to make me drawn to you even more.

"Then, then Sara tried to kill you and it freaked me out, more than you could imagine- more than I could imagine. Then later, the two different times- three

actually- when I thought that you had been killed and I knew that I had to have you. I don't really know how to explain it. It was kind of that I knew how easily that I could lose you and I wasn't going to take the chance. I wanted to keep other guys from getting you and to keep you safe, the only way that I thought to do that was so marry you."

"Neanderthal," I muttered to myself.

"What?" he asked hurt.

I blushed. I guess that it wasn't just to myself. "I just have this thing that always think of when I think of most people."

"And what is that?"

"You'll laugh-" I started to say but then stopped when I realized that if I started that particular argument that he would say that he would never laugh at me and blah, blah, blah. "Well, men are designed for fighting to attain what is theirs and then protecting what is theirs no matter what, that is most strongly shown towards their families, as well as material possessions. When ever I think about this, I call it 'the

Neanderthal theory' considering that is usually a man's natural instinct, to posses and to protect. Even though that we have evolved in time, that still remains."

This really seemed to amuse him. "And what is a woman's nature to do?"

I blushed even deeper. "Well a woman's instinct is to bare a child and then protect that child at all costs even though that females are genetically not design to protect as males are. It is also an instinct to seduce to get the child that they so desperately crave so that is why over time we have worn the clothes that we do, to get a man's attention."

"That isn't a very feminist point of view," he observed. "That women shouldn't fight."

"Hey, just because women aren't made to fight, doesn't mean that they should sit back and let the guys do all of the work."

"Well-" he broke off and suddenly laughed. "I thought we were talking about why I wanted to marry you so

quickly and now we are talking about, well whatever we are talking about."

"Oh, sorry. And, about that marriage thingy, how do you know that the-the chemistry between us will last?"

I felt him shrug beneath me. "I don't, but it's a risk that I am willing to take. It is a risk to walk outside everyday, but everyone does it."

I smiled. "Thanks Daren."

"For what?"

I laughed. "I don't know."

Maybe the conversation would have gone on, but Daren's answer was incomprehensible as he fell asleep.

"Wake up, Kates," Daren said shaking me the next morning.

At least I thought it was morning before I opened my eyes. I was facing the window so when I looked outside I saw that the sky had yet to brighten. "Ugh,

let me sleep Daren," I groaned, "it's still night out, and it's Saturday," I added as an after thought.

He laughed. "That is not my fault, it's-"

"The people who want to torture me?" I cut in.

"-my mom, Lyn, and Sabrina," he continued. I groaned and rolled over, pulling the covers tight over my head. "I would get up if I were you." I rolled up into a ball and ignored him. "You asked for it," he said when he couldn't pull the covers off of me. I had expected him to do something, but it surprised me when he left the room and I heard his shower go off. Suddenly I wasn't on the bed anymore.

"Hey?" I protested, trying to get out of the covers that were still wrapped tightly around me.

"I warned you," he said and then he shoved me under the stream of the water, pajamas and all. I yelled curses at him but he just laughed and shut the bathroom door on me.

It took a little longer for me to get ready since I had to peal off wet clothes along with getting new clothes and getting ready, but I was able to do it within a

reasonable amount of time. Sabrina practically dragged me down the stairs and into the car and another painful day of shopping began.

The torture ended up being useless too, we spent all day looking for my dress and we still couldn't find it. They decided that we would try again next week. This Sunday was the only day that Daren and I had truly had to ourselves in a long time. Time together was something that we both needed.

"So there is nothing to do today?" I asked him as he drove to who knows where the next day.

"Not that I can think of. I asked Ryan to take care of Sabrina just in case."

I laughed. "So your best friend is going to do what with mine?"

"Good question. I hope that he doesn't try to hit on her, if he does then I think I will be in need of a new best friend."

I smiled. "Us girls stick up for each other, if she doesn't finish the job, I will." That effectively ended that conversation.

He ended up taking me to The Space Needle. "Wow, déjà vu," I joked, "I think that we have done this date before, like maybe, hmmm, our first date."

"Yeah, but hopefully you can make it to the top this time," he said before paying our way in and then leading me to an empty elevator.

"Well if I can't then use that fearless spell thingy that you used the last time." I decided not to test how well I had gotten over my fear of heights so I turned and hide my face in his neck. "If you let go," I threatened, "the Ryan might not be the only one who will be six feet under."

He laughed but his arm still snaked around my waist. He stiffed suddenly. "Do you feel that?"

"What?"

"I don't know," he said and shuttered. "It is just a really... bad feeling, almost the feeling that you get when someone is watching you."

I shrugged. "You are over reacting," I stated.

"It must be that part of me that is still a Neanderthal," he teased me and I hit him lightly before we both broke into a fit a laughter.

It wasn't until we got to the top and looked out at the city of Seattle before I felt that feeling that Daren had been talking about, but it didn't feel like someone was watching me to me, it felt more like an impeding sense of doom.

{Author's note: Well it is my first post of the new year, 2010 whoot :D, but it is not that interesting because it is just a filler :(. The next one will be a lot more interesting but it might take me a while because me, being the tom-boy that i am, will have issues with the wedding and i have to force one of my friends to give me a hand with it. Please comment and vote.

-Katie}

Chapter 10

The Wiccan Chosen One (Chap. 10)

Chapter 10

~~~Katheren's P.O.V. ~~~

"You're kidding me," I moaned and fell back onto the bed. "I-I can't do this! Call it off! Call the wedding off, please."

"I heard that and it's not going to happen," I heard Daren yell through the closed door.

"Why don't you just leave already," Sabrina snapped back at him. "And Kate calm down, take a deep breath." I took a deep breath and continued to glare at her. "Now, tell me what the heck is wrong."
~~~

"What's wrong? What's wrong?! What's wrong is that I am too young for this, and I don't think that I am ready, and I just don't know!"

Sabrina laughed. "It's just the nerves. Everything will be fine and besides if you really aren't ready for this- which I am completely sure that you are- then you guys could always get a divorce."

"Oh hell no," Daren interrupted.

Sabrina and I both looked at each other. "You know? I think that is that first time that I have ever heard him swear," I said bewildered.

"Yeah, me too. I thought gentlemen didn't swear in front of women," she said in the same tone that I had.

"Ha ha, very funny," I heard Daren mutter. "Now will you please let me in there before I go mad?"

"I stick with what I said an hour ago," Sabrina snapped. "No! Now go play with Ryan."

"Ryan is on a date." Ryan was Daren's best friend since grade school, I had only met him a few times so I wasn't really sure what I thought of him yet.

"Then go...go do something! You aren't allowed to see her in her dress and you know it." The wedding was in two days and Sabrina had put the dress on me to make sure that it fit correctly and now was going through to triple check to see if I would look perfect for the wedding. That also seemed to include simulating the hairstyle that she wanted my hair in, so I had been sitting here for a long time while she tried out different styles. I didn't think that it was fun at all.

"How much longer?" Daren asked impatiently.

"As long as it takes. Oh, and it is nice to see that you aren't a perfect gentleman, then we would have to check if there was some kind of mental disorder because the way you sometimes act is just too damn perfect that it is scary."

"It was how I was raised and I tend to slip a little when I am... well I want to talk to Kates before she can totally talk herself out of this and I would like to be face to face when I do that."

Sabrina shrugged and then let it go. "What about this," she asked me before I could whine about them

treating me like I wasn't in the room and able to hear exactly what they were saying.

I didn't even bother looking in the mirror. "If you like it, then I like it."

"Kate!" she yelled, exasperated. "This is your wedding, you should be helping me!"

"I am tiring to, Bri, but the hair, make-up, and dress are a lost cause on me, I only a major help on flowers because I used to help my mom with her garden every year." I closed my eyes against the on slot of memories that tried to overwhelm me and continued. "I am not sure if all of this is necessary anyway..."

"Yes it is," both Sabrina and Daren-who was still stuck on the other side of my bedroom door-said at the same time. "You can do this Kate," Sabrina told me, taking all the pins out of my hair. "Tell me this, do you love Daren?"

"But-"

"Do you love him?" she repeated.

"But I-" I started, but then gave it up and sighed. "Yes."

"And does Daren love you?"

I was surprised that I didn't hear Daren's opinion on this question. "Yes."

"Right, Daren?" Sabrina asked him as if she thought that I needed a little more reassurance.

"Kates, I love you, listen to Sabrina, she has a point here, well, at least I think she will."

Sabrina ignored the jab and continued. "And you are sure that this isn't an infatuation?"

"Yes, I think that I am smart enough to tell the difference between love and an infatuation even though they are very close. If I wasn't sure about that, then do you think that I would have agreed in the first place?"

She smirked. "See, you answered your own... dilemma for yourself. It doesn't always have to be now, you have your whole lives."

"I think it does," Daren mumbled.

Sabrina snickered at him and helped me slip off the dress before heading back into my room to hide it from Daren. I thought over what she had said, and I still wasn't sure.

I didn't hear the door open, but suddenly arms were around me and I was being pulled back into a muscular chest. "You need to relax, it's just the nerves."

Yeah, sometime to think about it. "Bye, Bri," I called to her because I knew that she had a date that she had to get to.

"Bye Kate, bye Daren. Good luck," she said, not bothering to look back at us, probably to hide the smirk that I knew she had. The scary thing was, I didn't know who she was wishing luck, to me or Daren.

"So, tell me again why you think that you can't marry me," he said as he lead me from the bathroom and to my bed.

I felt uncomfortable and I also wanted to be able to think clearly, so I slipped out his arms and sat in my

desk chair so that I was facing him. I sighed. "I-I am scared. I don't think that I am ready for this. I am too young."

He didn't say anything right away but studied with without any expression. "So you're having second thoughts?" he asked slowly.

I blushed and looked down. "Well no. It's just-" I took another deep breath, and then reluctantly continued, "it's just that I am already being made fun of and I don't think that I can take much more ridicule-muummph!"

Daren got off of my bed and came to sit in front of me, cutting me off by putting his hand over my mouth. "You are being made fun of?" he asked in a deadly tone.

I shook my head. "Nunun, nun int nunt nuna."

"Huh?" he asked but then realized why I couldn't talk and removed his hand.

"I said, no it is not that. It is more like everyone looking at me and saying things like I am only marring you because I am pregnant and things like

that behind my back." I was really self-conscious, more than most people, so even things that I knew had no possibility to do true hurt me.

His eyebrows came together. "I don't get it," he said slowly, "I asked you two years ago, so how could you be pregnant for two years and not gain any weight at all? Is this like a girl thing that I don't understand or something else?"

My lips curled into an unwilling smile, then I realized what I was doing. "Hey! Daren, I don't want to smile, don't make me smile!"

He laughed. "I am not sure that I can do that. I technically can't make you smile..."

"You know what I meant."

He stopped laughing. "Yeah, I do. Is that the main reason for your second thoughts?"

"I told you already, I am not having second thoughts... I just think that we should wait a little longer."

"Because people are making fun of you," he said slowly and then ignored me when I tried to explain

again. "You do know that you will probably never see any of them again? High school is officially over, we graduated. They're going to collage, so are you, it won't matter what they think if you never see them right? You'll forget about them."

I blinked and sat back. I hadn't thought about that.

"Just think about it," Daren told me with a quick peck on the lips, "I have to go check on something and then I'll come pick you up for some lunch."

That was two days ago, now is when I really was freaking out. "Maybe I should have called it off when I asked you to, Bri."

"Like Daren would let you," Ryan said sweeping into the room before Sabrina would comment. Ryan was only a few inches taller than Sabrina was and had dark brown hair with bright blue eyes, he also had a lazy smirk that I don't think was ever too far from his face.

"And why do you think that?" Sabrina asked sharply, speaking up where I was too shy to.

"Because I have known him longer than both of you combined. Now, I have a message for Katheren from Daren."

"I knew he would find a way around not seeing her until the wedding started," my aunt Lyn muttered as she moved in to help Sabrina with my hair while Sabrina did my make-up.

"Well, he said to relax or he would be forced to make you like he has done before, then something about being fearless. I don't know, I am his best friend and I have no clue what he meant by that."

"Thanks, I get it," I whispered to him and he left the room again. It took me a while, but I realized that Daren had been referring to him using a fearless spell on me a long time ago when I had realized I was afraid of heights too late for us to do anything. I smiled, he knew me just a little too well.

"Okay, now, let's get you into that dress." My dress was a pale gold color that was like a ball gown went down to the ground. There was three layers to it and the bottom layer was a lighter color and a sort of see-through-ish material, the next layer had a graceful

flower pattern sown into it, and the final layer had nothing on it except gold flowers attracted to the front. It was also belted around the waist and there was a flower pattern like on the second layer here too, the flimsy straps that the dress did have were also roses like the ones in the front of the skirt.

"There done, I'll wait for you, good luck," Sabrina said and let to go take her position as maid-of-honor.

Aunt Lyn led me to a mirror and then stood behind me with her hands on my shoulders. I blinked in surprise at myself. My dirty blonde hair was slightly curled so that it tumbled elegantly around me and my veil was attached to my head with this kind of golden rose headband that matched my dress. "You look so beautiful," she whispered into my ear, "just like your mother when she was your age."

I looked up at her reflection trying to keep the tears from overflowing from my eyes- I figured Sabrina would kill me if I messed up her make-up job even though I could barley even see what she did, but there was a difference- and smiled shakily at her. "Really?"

"Oh yes dear," a voice that I could never forget said from behind us.

I gasped and whirled around, while Aunt Lyn's hands flew to her heart. "Grams," I scolded her, "are you trying to scare us to death?"

She laughed. "I think that I will beat you to the grave, dear. May I have a minute with my granddaughter, Lyn?"

She nodded and tears started to well up in her eyes. "I love you hon, remember that. You parents would be so proud because I know that I am," she sniffed and then hurried out the door before she really could start crying.

"You have the Page grace, don't you?"

"Grams, I look nothing like you or mom and there is no way I could ever be qualified as graceful." Page was my mom's maiden name before she married my father.

She laughed again. "Well not when you are moving, but when us Page women stop moving, we have this special grace... Oh I will tell you later, that isn't what I

wanted to talk to you about." She took my hand and lead me to a chair so that when I sat down I could be eye-to-eye with her. "It's June twenty first, Litha, the summer solstice. Do you know what that means to witches?" she asked me and I shook my head no. "To our coven, it was the day that the goddess first triumphed over darkness, with light that brings us life. Without today, we would still be in a constant battle with evil, but instead of goodness being in control, the world would be run by evil forces, warlocks and others. Today is a day of a much joyous celebration with bright colors and flowers; it is a day of fertility, purification, health, and love! Relax, dear, this day is blessed, nothing can go wrong."

"I hope so," I choked out.

"Now," she continued as if I had never spoken at all, "I need to get into place. I also have to make sure that the old man doesn't forget his lines."

"Wait," I called just before she left. "Isn't it a little weird to have you and gramps to be the priest and priestess?"

"Dear, you are a witch, we have different rules. In our coven, we have always have the high priest and priestess leading the ceremony, that is why I will go on 'vacations' so often. Haven't you ever wondered why I travelled so much?"

I thought back to when I was younger. I was never told about my mother's side being witches- or me for that matter- so I guess I did always wonder why she was always gone. "But why can't one of the other priests and priestesses in our...coven-" I paused slightly on the still uncomfortable word, "-do it? You should be able to watch today."

"It's tradition, dear. I will see you out there, just come out when the music starts and then just do as we say, there is nothing to worry about."

I took a deep breath and let her go. Now it was only me left in the room. Before I realized it, I ended up at the mirror again. I studied my reflection carefully. Somehow, this stunning girl that I saw now was the same awkward, boring, five-foot six girl who was extremely uncoordinated and had dirty blond hair, and boring jade green eyes, who never got any

attention, and had almost no experience with relationships. I had come so far since then, with learning my witch powers and trying not to get killed in the process, that I had become a new person. I was still the same in so many ways, I still looked the same and mostly the same personality, but I would be stronger now and see myself differently... and I was getting married.

My throat tightened on another wave of panic, but I wasn't able to do much about it because that was when the musician decided to start the traditional wedding march. Oh great, I thought and then took another deep breath before I took the walk that I was sure was going to change my life.

I stepped out the door and Daren's dad linked arms with me, since my own dad was dead, he said that he would gladly walk me down the aisle. "You'll do just fine," he whispered, seeming to pick up on my worry that I was going to trip or something and embarrass myself.

Okay, I guess now it was now or never...

I started to walk forward, but I was yanked back. I looked behind me to see Daren's father frozen where he was, the weirdest expression on his face. "Do you feel that?"

I paused for a second. "No."

He shook his head and then started to walk me forward. "It must be nothing, I must be imagining it, come on, I think that they are starting to get impatient with us." He smiled then, but it looked forced and his words seemed like he was trying to convince himself more than me.

I took another step, this time with the music, and shivered with the suddenly prickly feeling that ran down my spine. I swallowed thickly. I really hope that that wasn't the feeling that he was feeling, otherwise I don't think that this would end so well...

{Author's Note: Defiantly an interesting chapter to write. I have to give any credit for anything that dealt with the wedding to my friend, Kailey (a.k.a. tedders), who gave me all the pics and other advice that I constantly badgered her for. I was having some trouble with writer's block on parts of this chapter-

the on the discription of the dress, her hair, and on the last paragraph- so if you have any ideas for changes, please, please, Please tell me and I will get some changes in there. The dress is on the side- that is really cool by the way- and here the the link for what her hair style looks like, http://www.jogjalifestyle.com/2009/05/30/modest-wedding-dress-with-glamorous-gold-roses-on-bridal-ball-gown/ Please comment and vote. :D

-Katie}

Chapter 11

The Wiccan Chosen One (Chap. 11)

{Author's Note: Sorry this chapter took so long. I have having quite a bit of Writer's Block on this chapter but I forced myself to sit down and just write it. I know some of you will be a little mad at me, but I knew that this chapter was going to happen even before I started to actually write the sequel. Intake always helps!

-Katie}

Chapter 11

~~~Sara's P.O.V. ~~~
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Revenge. Revenge was the only thing that got me through the hell-like eternity that I was stuck in perpetually. No, not perpetually. I would get out of here, even if it was the last thing that I did.

Screams filled the air around me. Screams of humans, witches, warlocks, females, males, familiars, going on and on, all of the things that I had ever killed. The screams were so many and so deafening that I couldn't even hear my own anguished cries.

There was no sense of time where I was. The world around me was nothing but black and screams, nothing else, no one. I was alone. The screams never changed, and neither did my pain. I felt an inferno of flames licking my skin, knives slicing through my skin, lighting burning me, my insides turning to molten liquid. I was in constant pain every second of what seemed like centuries, but what could have been seconds.

In all of my hundred and thirty-two years of being a warlock, I had never felt such pain.... It might also have to do with the fact that all of the pain that I was feeling is the pain of what had happened to the

screaming voices around me. In the pain, I had forgotten who I had been both back when I was human and when I was a warlock, I was filled with nothing but hate and my need for revenge.

I banish you to suffer in all of the pain that you have inflicted! Those words, those few words spoken by that little witch, who could barely even cast spells, that sent me here to my own personal hell. I would get out, and when I did, I would get her. Sometimes, I was able to ignore that pain enough to imagine all the different things I would do to her before I killed her. I would do it slowly, so she could at least get a fraction of the pain of what happened to me here before I would kill that other useless witch of a boyfriend in front of her and then send her here herself.

I just had to get out of here first.

I felt a pull. Even through the never-ending pain I felt, I felt that pull. Suddenly, the pain... stopped. Maybe I was numb, maybe I was dead, whatever the reason, for the moment, I didn't care.

"You're not what I expected, warlock," a voice said. I hadn't heard another person talk in so long that at first, I didn't realize what was happening.

I pried my heavy eyelids open and then instinct had me using my unswerving powers to lift me off of the ground. It was dark wherever I was, but it wasn't like my prison, it was just... night. In this moment, I knew without a doubt that I was back on Earth, out of my hell once and for all.

Over a hundred years of being a warlock gave me the ability to push off whatever fatigue I was feeling and face whoever had summoned me without even so much as wavering. "What do you want, witch?" I asked. My voice sounded colder than glaciers. After all I had been through, there was no pretence of civility left in me, only my hate and a hunger for revenge.

"You. But you don't really seem to be all that they say you are."

I rolled my eyes, sick of this talk already. The witch's screams filled the air as if started on fire. "You're wasting my time," I sighed.

"I have something you want," the witch gasped.

I didn't even blink as I called off the fire that I had conjured. "There is only one thing that I want and it is a witch's head on a platter. Talk, and if it is not what I want to hear, I will kill you slowly instead of quickly as I had planned."

"Katheren Whitney," the witch gasped, still recovering.

"Never say that name in front of me!" I screamed and a lighting bolt flew out of my hand and landed near inches away from the witch's head. "One more thing I don't like and the next one will be through your worthless skull!"

The witch cursed, no doubt regretting that it summoned me, but it was too late for regret now. "That witch, I know where she is. I can help you kill her."

That instantly got my attention. "But aren't you a witch yourself? Why would you want to help kill your 'precious chosen one'?" I sneered.

"She doesn't deserve that much power, no one does. There are others who agree with me."

For the first time in my 'life', I completely agreed with a witch. Without that little power boost, I could have killed her easily, but that had caught me unaware and she had been able to banish me. She wouldn't have that unknown power in her back pocket anymore. "Where is she?"

The witch smiled. "She has a wedding. Today. In an hour. At the Washing State Convention Center."

"Thanks," I said sweetly, then launched another lightning bolt. It pierced the witch's heart and it fell to the ground with a thump. Did it honestly think I would let it live? Any self respective warlock-even witch- knew that the only person who could reverse a summoning was the person who did the summoning. Plus, there was no way in hell that I wouldn't relish in the chance at killing a witch.

I smiled to myself and hummed as I walked away. It looked like I had a wedding to crash. I wouldn't kill her yet, but I would begin my revenge by making her life a living hell before I killed her.

~~~Katheren's P.O.V. ~~~

"Just take a deep breath," Daren's dad whispered into my ear, "there you go."

I took a deep breath. "What if I mess up my vows? What if I trip? I am going to make a complete fool out of myself. I can't do this."

He laughed quietly. "I meant to take a relaxing breath, not work yourself up more. You'll do fine; don't think about anything except who is waiting for you at the end of that aisle."

I took another deep breath. "Mr. Cov-"

"Dad," he corrected, "or at least it will be in a little bit."

I smiled a bit ruefully. "Dad, I think that I am ready."

"Deep breaths," he whispered as we slowly made our way forward.

I did and then I smiled. We turned the corner and stepped into the room where the wedding was being held. The room was white, but along the aisle, a
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white ribbon wound around the chairs and red roses were scattered all over the room.

The first thing that I saw was Daren brake out into the most radiant grin that I have ever seen. Suddenly, I wasn't so nervous anymore, I walked down the aisle confidently, my eyes never leaving his face. At this moment, I forgot all of my worries and why I ever objected to this in the first place and lived for the moment, it felt... right.

Daren's father placed my hand into Daren's, then left to take his seat. Together, Daren and I faced my grandparents, the high priest and priestess of our coven of witches. They smiled at both of us, and my grandmother winked at me.

A witch's wedding, as I seen found out, was different than a normal wedding. The order of it was completely different. The objections part came nearly right after the opening. No one expected anyone to object, it was a surprise when someone did.

The doors slammed open, every head turning towards the sound. "I object," a voice that I would never forget said pleasantly.

My whole body went cold. She was back. Sara was back!

Everything happened in an instant. Grams yelled something in Latin and all of the non-witches who were present froze. "Get out, warlock," she said with the unmistakable authority of a leader, "you're out numbered."

Sara grinned. Her once brown eyes were completely black now, the expression in them murderous. "Oh? I wouldn't be so sure about that. Anyway, I only want the one in white, all the rest of you mean nothing to me."

Her hands were crackling with energy and I knew that if I didn't go now, the people that cared about would get hurt, maybe even killed. I stepped forward, but Daren yanked me behind him with our still clasped hands. "Not going to happen, Sara."

Her eyes shifted from me over to him. Another evil grin spread across her face. "Oh, if it isn't Daren. You'll be fun to kill, protect her all you want. I'll kill you slowly instead of fast like I planned."

During this conversation, the other witches in the room- ten others, not including my grandparents, or Daren's parents and older sister- got up to stand in front of me. Some were chanting under their breath, various non-witches started to disappear from the room and I realized they were being transported to safety. Within minutes, it was only us witches and Sara left in the room.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked. It was a stupid question, but I figured that it might give the other witches time to do some spells.

Sara's black eyes shifted back to mine. "It's simple witch, you banished me, so now I am going to make your life- and after life- living hell." She raised her arms. "Starting now," she hissed and lighting burst from her fingertips.

I screamed. Then it went black.

~Third person~

The lightening was deflected by multiple witches' shields when Katheren's scream sounded. Behind the

temporary safety of the shield, witches scrambled for better cover.

Daren tried moving Katheren, but she wouldn't move. Her eyes were completely silver and she was surrounded by her light blue aura. The second Daren recognized that she was being possessed by the Ancients; he too took cover, beyond his better judgment.

Katheren slowly walked toward the warlock and Sara smiled. "So you came to play?" she asked the spirits, reveling in the chance to kill her pray in an actual fight.

"This has gone on long enough, warlock," Katheren said, not in her own voice, but those of all of the men and women who were the Ancients.

"Really? I don't think so," Sara said and then launched one of her most powerful attacks.

It went through the shield like it was butter and headed straight for Katheren. She raised her hand and caught it without batting an eye. Shifting the ball of energy from one hand to another like it was

nothing more than a child's toy, she faced the warlock again. "Leave warlock, while you still have the chance."

She grinned, not deterred at all by the fact that was losing the fight. "I'll leave, but I'll be back. I didn't come here to kill you today anyway, no that would be too easy. I came to give you a message. You have until the next Blessing Moon, July 7th, before I kill everyone that you care about. Ciao."

The energy ball exploded in Katheren's hands and with the flash, Sara disappeared.

Chapter 12

The Wiccan Chosen One (Chap. 12)

Chapter 12

Katheren-

My head was pounding, I came awake slowly, even then I couldn't really process what was going on around me.

"What are we going to do?" I heard Daren say.

"We have to hide her," my grandmother said. "I am sorry, dear, but we will have to hold off your wedding until we truly rid of her this time."

"I thought she was gone for good the first time."

Grams sighed. “From what I heard, Kate banished her to a sort of punishment realm, not truly vanquished her. If we truly vanquish her, then she won’t be coming back unless re-summoned by the one who vanquished her.”

“What does that mean?”

“I’ll tell you later.”

I tried to open my eyes, but the light hurt and I quickly closed them again. I felt Daren pull me closer to him- and I just noticed then that he was holding me- and I felt the presence of his mind. *Kates, can you hear me yet?*

I shut my eyes tighter, trying to fight off of the pain of the monster headache. *Yeah. Where are we?*

“We’re in a car,” he said, out loud now, “heading back to my place, my parents and your grandparents are with us. Do you remember what happened?”

I tried to, but the pain just got worse. *No.*

“Can you open your eyes? Talk? Move?”

I tried moving, it hurt. “Light too bright,” I croaked, “eyes closed better.”

He laughed softly but the sound was strained. “Anything hurt?”

“Everything sore,” I rasped out, “headache.”

“Try going back to sleep, you’ll feel better once you wake up.”

“No, don’t want to.”

“Do it anyway.”

I didn’t like being told what to do, but I was swept away by unconsciousness again.

It was quiet when I woke up this time. When I opened my eyes, I was able to get them to focus enough to see that I was in Daren’s room and it was late at night since it was dark out. I turned my head. Daren was sleeping next to me, his arms holding me close as he had done every night since Halloween last year.

My headache was still there, but it wasn’t nearly as bad as it was before and I wasn’t nearly as sore.

When I tried to remember what happened, my head started to spin. The last thing that I could remember before wake up in the car was- I froze. Sara. Sara had come to kill me at my own wedding.

I knew without a doubt that we hadn't gotten married and I also knew that I had been possessed by the Ancestors again. The thought put a lump in my throat. I never wanted to be a witch, but having people control me whenever they wanted, beyond my control, was almost more than I could handle.

Daren mumbled something in my sleep and pulled me closer. I thought that he said, relax and go to sleep, but I wasn't sure. I honestly tried, but I couldn't. I kept thinking about people in control of me when I wasn't. Ten minutes later, I was still awake, staring unmoving at the wall. Daren groaned and shifted. "Why aren't you sleeping?" he mumbled in a sleepy, mush.

"Thinking." I turned in his arms to face him.

He mumbled something else and shifted his position again. "You should think in the morning. Sleep now, Kates."

“I can’t.”

He opened up one eye to glare at me. “Why not?”

“I keep thinking about being possessed by the ancestors. They can make me do anything and I can’t even remember what they made me do.”

He was fully awake now and staring at me, concerned. “Kates-”

I cut him off by putting my hand on his face. “Don’t worry, Daren, I just need to handle this on my own.”

“But I want to help,” he mumbled, still staring intently at my face, “anyway that I can. You don’t have to go through this alone.”

“I’m nineteen, I’m not a kid anymore, I have to act like an adult and get over this on my own.”

He mumbled under his breath about what he thought about that plan, I just glared at him, but didn’t comment. “Go back to bed,” I yawned. “We’ll finish this fight in the morning.”

He said something else, but I had already fallen back asleep.

“You want to do what?”

“Summon one of them. Come on Grams, please help me.”

She looked at me like I was crazy while Daren just sat there, soundless, wordlessly furious with me. “I’ve never heard of the Chosen One who actually tried to summon the Ancestors-”

“Who would want to? You get this horrible feeling right before they possess you… just no one would want to.”

“So why do you want to?”

Because she’s a stubborn idiot, I heard Daren think. He was much too angry to be a gentleman or even apologize to me. We had already talked about this before my grandmother had come over this morning and he had lost that argument… and he wasn’t happy about that at all.

“I need to know what’s happening,” I said, answering her question. “I need to know if they can help me or if the situation would be worse if they possessed me again.”

She sighed. “Is your aunt home?”

I shook my head. “She is at work and she will be until late tonight. What did you tell her about the wedding anyway?”

“All the human guests think that the fire alarms went off when Sara… came and that we’ll post pone it soon, I also added that your aunt talked to you. I am very glad for the power to control human memories at the moment.”

I gave her a grateful look. “Thank you. Now what would we do to summon?”

“Create a circle then I will do an incantation.” She walked out into my Aunt’s backyard and drew in the grass with a stick, I couldn’t see what she made, but she obviously could. “Daren, do you have purified candles?” He was back in a moment and handed her five different colored candles, she placed them on the ground in precise places. “Sit behind the beige candle, the spirit candle. Daren, sit behind the green candle, the earth candle. I will sit behind the aqua candle, the water candle.”

As we sat down, Daren took my hand. I could feel his worry through our mind link and I knew that he was much more worried about me than he was mad at me. He squeezed my hand. “Are you sure that you want to do this.”

I nodded. “Yeah.” *I have to.*

His hand tightened on mine when he heard that thought, but he didn’t comment. My grandmother started to chant in another language and I felt something pull in my chest. I gasped as I was involuntarily pulled forward. Grams grabbed my other hand. She said some name that I had heard before and I was yanked forward again.

As suddenly as it started, the feelings stopped. A beautiful woman appeared before in the place middle of the candles, she was wearing clothes from the tenth century, a high colored dress, a hem that went well past the ankles, long drooping sleeves. Blonde ringlets escaped from her bun fell gracefully around her face and her sparkling green eyes were haunted. She was shimmering and I could see through her.

“What is your name?” my grandmother asked.

The woman looked down at her but not in a belittling way. “Aikaterine.” Her voice was clear and sure.

“Why did you show up and not any of the other Ancestors? I called for more than one.”

She shifted her eyes to me. “She remembered me. She is not afraid of me like he is the others and she is rightful in that.”

“What do you mean?”

“Some of the other spirits- Ancestors- about five, six of them wanted to take over my body for themselves. She helped me get back,” I said, mostly to myself as the memories slowly came back to me. “Thank you,” I told her.

She smiled gently at me. “You are welcome. Five Ancestors wanted to take over your body, the other six of us did not. Both groups are a mixture of men and women so no group is much more powerful than the other. We were only able to stop them because there were more of us against them and your fiancé here.”

“So what does that mean, if they did complete that incantation or whatever they were saying?” I asked hesitantly.

“Then they would have had control of you and your powers for a time but we could have gotten you back, don’t worry about that.”

I felt my eyes widen and a cold feeling settle in the bit of my stomach. “When are you summoned, called upon, whatever it is when you take me over?”

“We posses you when you call us, when you need help, we will come, but on Samhain, we are strongest and that is when they started a rebellion. I am so sorry.”

“It’s not your fault,” I whispered, still stunned at the idea of losing my body in a sense.

“Is there a way for her to remember what happens while she’s being possessed?” Daren asked.

Aikaterine nodded. “If she herself can channel our powers or knowledge she would remember.”

My grandmother went on to ask her questions, but I didn't hear any of it. I realized then that with my powers and Sara coming after me, that just my presence was putting the ones that I loved in danger.

My grandmother went back home the next week. I sat alone in my room waiting for when Daren would get home and I would go over there to tell him the news. I felt sick. I knew that what I was going to tell him was going to crush him, but there wasn't any other choice. Either I left him… or he died. I loved him much too much to ever let that second thing happen.

I knew he wouldn't want to let me go either, he loved me just as much as I loved him, but I knew I couldn't stay. But, lord, I wanted to, I wanted to stay here and pretend that everything was okay, that nothing bad could ever happen. But bad things happened, all the time, and we had to live with them.

I knew that the longest that I would be able to stay away from him would be until I took care of Sara once and for all, but I didn't know how long that would be… and if he moved on in that time, then I

would let him. I knew that he wouldn't be able to think that he could move on, but if I was gone for years and years trying to keep him safe from Sara and he grew to resent me from putting him in that danger, then I wouldn't blame him. Not that I would ever stop loving him, I couldn't.

I sat for a few more minutes, trying to put up a wall around my heart even though tears were streaming from my eyes. When my phone went off- Daren sending me a text message- I slowly, painfully, got up and walked out to my car.

I wiped the tears off of my face before I went inside his house. He opened the front door for me and beamed at me, but it fell off of his face when he saw my expression. "Kates, what's wrong?" he asked anxiously.

"I need to talk to you," I said quietly.

He took my hand and led me to the couch. "What's wrong? Come on, talk to me."

It took me a few moments before I could talk. "I have to leave."

He looked confused. “You can leave, just tell me what you need to tell me first.”

“No, I have to leave Seattle.” It was killing me just to say it.

“Why do we have to leave? It will be better if we stay here, we have more help.”

I shook my head. “No, I have to leave. Alone. By myself. You can’t come with.” Actually, *that* felt like it killed me.

His eyes widened in shock then they looked hurt, then they were terrified. “You can’t leave, Katheren, not with Sara trying to kill you, at least not by yourself. I can’t let-”

I had to look away from his face when I cut him off. “Sara is the reason I am leaving.” I could see that he wouldn’t let me go, I knew him, I knew that he knew that I was leaving for him. I had to lie. I had to hurt him; it was the only way that he would ever let me go. The sick feeling left me and I just felt dead inside. “I don’t want to stay,” I said quietly. “I should have

told you this before we even tried the wedding but I just couldn't bring myself to end it."

I saw his hands start shaking out of the corner of my eyes. "You mean that you didn't want to marry me?"

I was glad that my hair was covering my face so that he couldn't see me crying. "I'm sorry." I stood up, unable to take anymore of this. "I am leaving, that's final. I'm so sorry, Daren. Please don't follow me." I ran out the door and to my car. I heard him yell something as I drove away, but I couldn't hear what it was over my sobs.

I took my packed bags out to my car when I got home and left a note for Aunt Lynn that I was going to go to my grandmother's house, then I went back into my car and started driving. Every mile that I drove, the more my heart broke.

Chapter 13

The Wiccan Chosen One (Chap. 13)

Chapter 13

Katheren:

Hour after hour, day after day, year after year, they all feel the same to me. Every second without him was like an eon to me, each more painful than the last. Realistically, I couldn't have been gone more than a month, two at the most, but thinking about the pain he must be going through nearly killed me.

I sat down on the forest floor. Sometime after the time that I left, I had talked to my grandmother, she tried to convince me to stay back, that we would get

the warlocks over time. But nothing she could say, nothing she could do would change my mind.

She made me promise that I would stay safe though, she also gave me a lot of advice and a grimoire. She also told me what I needed to do first... and that it was very dangerous. So here I was now, sitting in the outside of a pentagram with a circle around it with candles at each point about to do a séance.

I made the actual pentagram with long sticks that I found in the forest. The circle around it was made entirely of salt to keep away evil spirits- whatever that meant- from exiting the circle and also served as a way of purifying the circle. Each candle that were at the points of the pentagram put on the outside of the circle represented a different element: air, earth, fire, water, and spirit, and as invocation was needed before each was lit.

I reached over and took the old book out of my backpack that Grams had given me. "Okay, it's now or never," I whispered to myself and opened up the book to the page indicated with a book mark.

Our family book was in the most powerful wiccan language... to bad that I didn't speak it. I thought it was Latin, but I wasn't sure. There was something beside the book mark in the page though, there was a folded piece of paper and thankfully, it was in English. I read it out loud, the words falling effortlessly off my tongue like I had practiced this hundreds of times before. I felt that pull again and I opened my eyes- which I hadn't realized I closed- and looked straight into Aikaterine's sparkling forest green eyes.

"So you are finally ready to learn, child?" she asked me.

I nodded, but I couldn't bring myself to care enough to ask her how she knew that. I wanted to know all about being a witch. I couldn't stop this mess unless I knew *how* to.

She smiled. "Very well then. What do you know?"

"I know about fifteen spells," I said quietly.

She nodded again and sat down within the circle so that she was at the same level as I was. "Do you know the history at all?"

I shook my head.

"Then we will have a long, interesting conversation. "The magical world consists of angels, demons, witches, warlocks, and humans, nothing more, nothing less. The other myths of the human kind, such as vampires, shapeshifters, cyclopes, are all one of those five creatures. The myths are usually of demons changing their shape- or it is even their true appearance- or the myths of gods are usually angels. The five live in a balance, angels are the good to the demon's evil, witches are the good to the warlock's evil, and human keep the balance as well as tip it- easily manipulated creatures they are. They are not told of us since they do not like anything different and they reproduce faster than us so they could very likely annihilate us if they were to discover us hiding in plane sight.

"Since I have a feeling that you know as much as you need to at the moment of angels, demons, and

humans, I will tell you about the other two. Witches and warlocks are humans who have a special ability of controlling their life force and the life force of nature. Witches use white magic, which is good magic and tends to be used for the benefit of mankind. Warlocks use black magic, which is evil magic and usually only tends to benefit themselves. Gray magic is used by both and is the in between, neither good nor evil.

"Warlocks begin as witches. Unsatisfied with being mortal- which both witches and humans are, even though their lifespans differ greatly- they off a sacrifice of blood- the killing of a human so to speak- and become sort of a half demon, an immortal, but at the price of their soul.

"Immortals do not have souls, the reason I do not know. And when they are killed, they do not die, only sent away for a time. They do to either heaven, if they are angels, or hell, if they are demons or warlocks. Mortals, when we die, go to the afterlife until we are ready to be reborn. While mortals start over from scratch, once the immortals are able to

regenerate after their 'deaths', they begin as they left off, same memories, same powers, same looks, and same persona. It is technically impossible to kill an immortal, only to hold them off for a few generations."

"So what's the point in killing Sara," I asked morosely, "if she is just going to come back again?"

Again, she smiled at me. "Child, I only said that there is no way to kill an immortal, not no way to kill a warlock." My expression must have been as confused as I felt because she continued. "You make them mortal first."

"How's that possible? They have no soul."

"Normally, only angels or demons have the power to control souls, but you, my child, are different. The Wiccan Chosen One, as they have come to call it over the years, has the power to control souls, that is why there has only been one every five hundred years or so, that power is why they are so powerful. It is also why the other Ancestors and I can commune with you, you are able to bridge to the afterlife."

"So... I what?"

"Angels and demons are created without souls, but warlocks give up their soul. They travel to the afterlife, but are prevented from ever being able to move on and being reborn since their body and minds are still alive. You, along with the natural immortals, can control the souls and use your connection to the afterlife and put them back into their host bodies, thus making them mortal, before killing them."

"So I could bring people back from the dead?" I asked, thinking about my parents.

"Yes and no."

"How can it be both?"

"It is entirely possible to bring someone back as long as they have not moved on yet... but they do not come back... the same."

"What do you mean?"

"They come back" -she struggled to find the right word- "changed. They are like... a zombie, possessed,

not the same person as they were while they were alive. If you do not bring them back within the first five seconds, then they will not be the person that you knew. It is dangerous and should not really be done."

I felt hollow again. My little burst of hope dissipating back into the nothingness of *his* absence, the absence that I caused. "So can you teach me how to stop her?"

Aikaterine nodded gravely. "If I must."

"I've gotten better at learning spells," I observed in a groan as I sank down to the ground.

She chuckled. "No, you could have easily learned the other spells, it is just that they were teaching you as if you were a normal witch, you aren't, so it was much harder for you to learn. Go home, rest, we can talk again tomorrow." When I nodded, she just shimmered away, there was moment and gone the next.

I slowly cleaned up any evidence of the circle and anything that I messed up with my spells that I had done. I shoved my stuff back into my backpack and

made my way back out of the woods. It took an hour to drive back to the motel that I had been at since I left my grandmothers. I was somewhere in Utah, but I wasn't sure exactly where and I didn't really care.

Talking with Aikaterine had given me a distraction from everything but now the emptiness came rushing back. I sat on my hotel room, staring at nothing, feeling nothing.

Daren:

"Ryan, are you *trying* to piss me off?" I asked him without heat.

"I'm trying to cheer you up, man," my best friend said and lightly hit my shoulder.

I didn't move from my face down position in my bed. "There's only one way to do that and whatever you do can't make that happen."

"You know why she left you, right?"

I tried to bury my head deeper into the pillow. I didn't want to hear this, I could handle it. She'd been

gone for two and a half months, but it pain still felt fresh.

"She left," Ryan continued, totally ignoring my finch, "because she wanted to protect you."

I sat up. "What are you talking about?"

"Seriously, man, you don't see it?"

"I'm not even a full blooded witch like you and I can tell. She left because she thought it could save you from being killed by Sara, not any of those lies that she sold you. God, you can be such a dumbass sometimes."

I ran my hand through my hair, trying to come to terms with what I was just told. "Wait, what?!"

"You're girl's planning on taking on that warlock alone."

I shot off of the bed. "Shit!" I was shocked- and horrified- that I didn't even noticed that I swore.

"Yeah, you should probably go find her."

I looked over at him, my eyes wild. " *How?!"*

Ryan grinned. "I might just have a way..."

Chapter 14

The Wiccan Chosen One (Chap. 14)

Chapter 14

Katheren:

I was just walking back to my car from getting groceries when I heard someone yell my name. At first, I didn't care, it wasn't *his* voice, so it didn't mean anything to me, but when that person got more insistent, I stopped. "Katheren!" I heard for the fourth time.

I slowly turned around. A guy, about eighteen-nineteen-ish, with black hair was hurrying after me. My first thought was to run, I mean, when someone you don't know is running towards you, that's your

first reaction, but I froze when I saw his eyes. They were ordinary brown eyes, but I could have sworn that I had seen them before.

He stopped just in front of me and gave me a blinding smile. "Hey, it's me, Samson, Samson Dyce. You met me and my sisters Delilah and Bethany at your grandmother's house a few months ago."

Like a light being turned on, I was suddenly able to place him. "Oh! You didn't talk much." I blushed when I realized what I had just said.

He chuckled. "I don't like to talk much around Mrs. and Mr. Page, I don't want to be rude. I am not usually that quiet."

I nodded. *Alrighty then, this was getting awkward.* I tried to give him a smile, but I hadn't smiled in so long that I was sure that it looked pained. "I- uh- I have to get going..."

He gave me another smile. "Sure, but do you want help with your bags? I'll gladly carry them for you."

I shrugged, what could it hurt. I handed him my two bags. "Thanks." I started to head towards my car again and he kept pace with me.

"So I heard about you and that *other guy*- " He made that sound like some sort of curse word "-and what that warlock did. I'm sorry, that must have been so hard on you since you canceled the wedding and all, or did that guy just not have the balls to stay around and protect you?"

I was surprised at how pissed he sounded. "No, no. I just couldn't stay, not if it meant him getting hurt. So you live way out here?" I found out the other day that *out here* was Salt Lake City, Utah. I didn't really care about his personals, as bitchy as that sounds for the way that he was helping me, but I couldn't bring myself to care about much these days. Whatever the answer was, it took focus off of the subject that could destroy me.

He nodded. "Yeah. My sisters live closer to the main coven, but I got as far away from them as I could get as soon as I turned eighteen. Why are you over here and not up in Seattle. That's where you live, right?"

I nodded. "I have to take care of a few things first, and then I plan on going back."

He looked interested. "What kind of things?"

I wondered if I should tell him, but then figured he would probably just ask Grams and she would tell him anyway. "I have to deal with Sara." My tone made it sound like it was no big deal and not scaring the hell out of me.

His eyes widened and something passed through them, but it was gone before I could see it. "Are you sure that's a good idea...?" He was obviously thinking of the last time that he saw me try to use magic. That was before Aikaterine's help.

"Yeah." We reached my car. "Well thank you for the help." I smiled at him- another fake smile- and got into the driver's seat without another word.

Daren:

I glanced over at Ryan. "And you haven't thought that I haven't tried asking her grandmother where she is? What difference will a face-to-face meeting make?"

From the passenger seat, Ryan scoffed. "You don't trust your best friend? That's just horrible. A tracking spell."

I frowned. "What about them?"

"If you are in the last place she was before she started her 'trip', then you should be able to use a tracking spell to find her."

My eyes popped opened. "Now why didn't I think of that?"

"You haven't exactly been at your best," he reminded me. "Anyway, what happened to your mind link or whatever, have you tried to see if that still works?"

I hadn't, but I tried now. "The only thing that I can get is that she's alive, but I didn't even need a mind link to know that. I'm pretty sure that I would just know if she died." The thought literally turned my stomach and everything dimed for a second.

"Hey! No thinking about that while driving!" Ryan shouted.

I forcibly changed the course of my thoughts. "So what happens if the tracking spell doesn't work? They only work a few days after the person has traveled that road, it's been almost three months."

"Yeah, but then again, it's usually a stranger who does it, not a loved one. You two have one hell of a bond so you should be able to follow it no problem, especially since your aura is strong and hers is even stronger."

I thought about that for a second. "Well if it doesn't work, then you are going to have to think of a better plan because I am still not thinking very clearly." I just kept thinking about her.

He nodded. "Sure, but it's a brilliant idea and it's also my idea so it'll work for sure."

I smiled for a moment. "A little arrogant are we?"

He laughed. "Well you aren't so I have to be arrogant enough for both of us."

Sara:

I laughed again as I played with my newest toy. This one was a high school cheerleader. She thought she was all that, and had slut written all over her, it was fun to show her just how wrong she was. Her scream was so loud that I almost didn't hear the car that stopped outside my cabin.

I fumed, nearly deciding to kill the intruder before they even got to the door. There was a reason that I had a cabin out in the woods and away from any people, it was to be alone. I threw open the doors with my powers. "What the hell do you want?" I hissed. "Talk now or I will kill you."

The witch who showed up was much less concerned then they should have been, sure, they were scared, but not nearly enough. I conjured up an energy ball and started to through it up in the air. "The- the C-chosen One is c-coming after you," the witch stammered. "She left the boy and is searching for you."

I seriously considered killing the witch. I knew she would, it was sad that she didn't have the boy with her so I could play with him before I killed him, but I

still knew she would try something. "And I should care about this, why?"

The witch went absolutely pale. It should have been obvious that dealing with a warlock was not going to be easy, but then again, witches were innocent little things. They thought killing was such a bad thing, while it was really so much fun, the dumbasses. "She seems to have been training, her aura is much more controlled than it was before."

So she was training now? That made this all so much more fun. Maybe I would play with her a little bit too before I killed her. I could easily take her aura for my own before I killed her, if she trained it more, then it might actually be worth it. I grinned, just thinking about it, and the witch cringed away from me. *Could it be anymore of a wuss,* I thought in disgust. In the next moment, I decided not much. "If you have anymore news, tell me, but remember, it better be good." I gestured toward the bloody, once pretty cheerleader behind me. "Or you might just end up like her."

I slammed the door in its face and turned back to my sacrificial table. "Well, honey," I told her sweetly, "it seems that I don't need to hold you out as long as I planned. But don't worry, we'll still have fun for a but longer."

She whimpered weakly and tried to pull away from me, but the magical bonds that held her were unbreakable by shear force. "P-please-" she tried again.

"You do want to have more fun?" I grinned. "Well I just *love* to help out." She started to pray and I laughed evilly. "No God's gonna save you now, honey. You might as well save your breath."

After I was done playing with her, I had a few errands to run. I smirked, god I loved my life. Killing was the best job... and the most satisfying.

Chapter 15

The Wiccan Chosen One (Chap. 15)

Chapter 15

She was being followed. Aikaterine honestly could not see what was so different about this girl, Katheren. She was just a normal Chosen One, no more powerful than the others, even less of a threat for she was completely untrained, her powers all over the place... that was, to everyone but her. Aikaterine always had the power to see into one's soul, to see the strength of one's aura. She knew something that no other knew, not even another Ancestor.

Katheren Whitney was an Old Soul, a very Old Soul. Aikaterine had seen her past lives many times throughout the years, she had even been present in her own life. Most people thought that the age of one's soul did not matter, but she knew differently, she saw that in each life time, the soul became stronger and stronger, their aura growing to a limitless capability. Katheren's was about three times as strong as the ones that she had seen in her life time and the strongest one that she had seen had been Katheren's past life.

Something was different about this life though. The Coventry boy, Daren, he did something with Katheren's aura. Since the time that the two had been separated, Katheren's aura had seemed much dimmer, weaker. At first, Aikaterine had just blamed it on the tumult of Katheren's emotions, but now she could sense that it went much deeper than that. Even though she had seen them a few times in both her living life and her afterlife, Aikaterine was surprised that she hadn't noticed that the two were Soul Mates. Daren was even close to as old as Katheren- she seemed to be about a half a century older- but he still

had a strong aura, gained from contact with Katheren's.

Soul Mates had always been something that intrigued Aikaterine, from even back when she was a child. Soul Mates could draw upon the other's aura, while at the same time making both of theirs stronger since their souls were intertwined, their aura became of the same fate when the two were together. Aikaterine had never seen an incidence quite like this one before.

Humans always looked for a way to pretty things up and to a witch like her, it was disgusting. Life was not pretty. It was as simple as that. Humans automatically assumed that since two peoples' souls were intertwined that the two would 'fall in love' and that 'their love would overcome anything', pretty sounding but completely wrong. One would be spiritually drawn to the other, but the connection went into no other part of their life. Most could not stand the connection, it either drove them crazy or they stayed far away from each other. But, Katheren and Daren were different because, of the ones that

Aikaterine had seen, the two were the only ones that had actually been in love... which made them dangerously strong together, too strong. And a break when they were so combined would prove to be un-survivable for them.

Aikaterine uselessly tried to get Katheren's attention but she knew it was futile. Ancestors usually did not spend more time with the Chosen One than needed. She was different though, as the youngest Ancestor, she remembered what it was like to be alive, how powerful emotions were, so that made her the most empathic of them, more protective of them. She was also painfully aware that unless the Ancestors were called upon, they could take no part in the Chosen One's life.

Usually, she could accept that rule... unless the Chosen Ones were in danger. Katheren was, if the person that was following her caught up to her, then her life could very well be over. She could not see her Soul Mate until the warlock after her was dead or her chances of surviving would be cut in half.

Katheren:

I rubbed my temples, the soothing movement doing nothing to relieve the pounding in my head. I was going through my family's grimoire but since it was in Latin, a dead- and if it wasn't dead yet it was close to it- language wasn't an easy thing to do. Aikaterine had been teaching me Latin when I summoned her, but other than that, I was translating by use of an old Latin to Old English dictionary. I was so not having fun.

I had only found three spells that I could possibly use against Sara and I was nearly a fourth through the over a thousand page book, that really wasn't what I was hoping for. I had been at this translating for nearly a week, it was just taking too long, even with the Ancestor's help.

I put the bookmark into the grimoire and stood up, pacing around the room, thinking. I'd been here for little over a week. I had to be on the move again if I didn't want to be found. I put the few clothes that weren't in my suitcase back into my suitcase and put the grimoire and my notes in my laptop case. I stopped down at the main building to give the motel

manger back the room key and to tell him that I was checking out.

I froze as I stepped back outside, half way to my car. I shivered, I'd felt... this feeling before, it was the same feeling that I'd had months ago, at my grandmother's house when she had begun to train me, right after I had met Samson and his sisters. As suddenly as the feeling appeared, it was gone.

I took off running for my car, I threw it in gear and headed from Salt Lake City, Utah to Casper, Wyoming. I didn't know what, or who, that was, but there was no way that I was going to stick around to find out.

Three hours later, I was checked into a motel in Casper, after I was sure that no one could have followed me if they were trying to tail me. I admitted to myself that was I was being paranoid, but I at least felt better about doing it. I checked out the windows twice before putting a shield around the room and a detector spell around the doors and windows. In theory, no one could enter the room but 'people with good hearts' and I would know whoever entered and

when from the detector spell, that is at least what Aikaterine told me.

I closed my eyes and summoned Aikaterine. "You should have me in an inscribed pentagram," she said irritably.

I shrugged. "That is only to stop spirits from possessing my body or breaking free of my spell and wreaking havoc on the public. You can posses me easier than any other ghost, as far as you told me, and you won't wreak havoc on anyone because you're not like that, so that is a moot point."

She glared at me. "You are so utterly *naïve* !"

Before, that would have hurt, but I still couldn't feel anything. "Obviously not 'utterly' since I am still alive. How do I find out if someone is following me?"

She looked dumbstruck. "How do you know that someone is following you?"

"I was back at the motel in Utah and I had this... feeling, I had the same feeling nearly a year ago at my grandmother's house."

She frowned as if we were talking about two totally different things. "From what you are describing, you are not being *tracked,* but you are being followed by a spell. If there is enough, high level witches, they might be able to locate a person and watch them for a specific amount of time. The only way to prevent that is to either work on your mental shields or put a magical shield around yourself, but the latter will drain your aura if you are not carefully monitoring it."

I grimaced. I needed my full aura at all times since I would never know when she would come after me, she said that she would kill me next July seventh on the Blessing Moon, it had been four months since that threat, it was the end of October now, I had a little under eight months to get ready to face her. Sara thought that she was invincible and she was just playing with me, I had a gut feeling that she was watching me and if I got too close to the point where I could beat her, I had no doubt that Sara would kill me right then and there. "How do I put up mental shields?"

Aikaterine grinned. "Meditation." She frowned again. "Oh, and the warlock, she is not the only one tracking you."

"What do you-" I broke off when I saw that she had faded into mist then completely disappeared. She had always done that when she had been helping me train, give me some cryptic comment then disappear before I could ask her what it meant. It was driving me crazy.

I sat down heavily on the old, worn motel bed, wondering who else besides Sara and anyone who worked for her would be after me.

I froze, the only logical possibility filling me with nausea. I had thought that I had kept *him* away by dealing him verbal blow after blow. It didn't work. Daren was coming after me. And he just might get killed trying to save me.

Two hours later, I figured that I was failing pretty miserably on the whole meditating thing. I knew that I had to keep moving, especially since *he* was trying to find me now, but I had thought that being able to shield myself from spells was more important, but

not when it was taking this much time. I remembered that Aikaterine telling me before that the whole point of meditating- or at least the kind that she taught me- was to clear my mind and just focus on one thing, then to be able to slowly let things from the outside world to ease into my mind until I had just as much distractions as I could handle while keeping focused on that one thing and being able to function. I hadn't first understood what she meant, but after a while, I understood it. I just couldn't *do* it.

I went to my bag and, after throwing together something for diner, got out the herbs that in my grimoire said would be able to mask my trail to those who were looking for me. After I had put it together, I put everything bag into my bag , and grabbed the grimoire from the bedside table, after I said the right spell, the mixture glowed, then went back to what it normally looked like. I lifted the bowl up and cautiously smelled the mixture. It smelled like used gym socks. I plugged my nose with one hand and then dumped the mixture into my mouth and swallowed it as quickly as I could. I gagged a few

times, but I knew that I had to keep it down otherwise the spell would be useless and I would have to do it all over again.

A few minutes later, I laid back on the old motel back, my eyes wide and focused on the old, cracked ceiling. Even though I knew I shouldn't, I let my mind drift. For the first time since I left, I let myself think about *him.* I still couldn't say *his* name, let alone think it, it still hurt too much, but I could think about *him* as long as I didn't think about *us. He* was coming to find me, I knew it instinctively and Aikaterine confirmed it.

I didn't understand that though. I had planned what I said to *him* carefully, it had been what would hurt *him,* everything that I could think of to do that except I couldn't deal the final blow, the biggest lie, I hadn't been able say that didn't love *him.* I did, still do. Thinking back on it now, I hadn't really said much that would hurt the normal person, but I new that *he* hadn't been so sure about our relationship, *he* had always thought that I wasn't sure that I that I loved *him* and that I could leave at any time. Just like that.

Gone without a trace. And that was exactly how I aimed my verbal attack at *him.*

So now, it made no sense that *he* would come after me now. Maybe *he* didn't think anything about me coming back to *him* or anything about my feeling, just about my safety. Or maybe it was that *he* knew that I had been lying about my reasons for leaving. Either way, *he* couldn't find me, *he* would be dead if *he* did.

Lethargy began to drift over me and I closed my eyes. My head knew it was wrong, but my heart didn't care; that night, I dreamed of *him.*

Chapter 16

The Wiccan Chosen One (Chap. 16)

Chapter 16

Katheren:

Some was following me, not a spell but a person. I could feel their magical aura as I went shopping at some store in Wyoming. I hadn't felt any really magical presence since last month when someone was tracing me with that spell. I'd learned a lot more since then.

That presence was still there as I walked on to the next store at the strip mall. I stopped, annoyed, maybe they would just make my job easier and just

walk up to me instead of making me track them with my magic.

The witch made it easy. “Katheren! Wait!”

I turned towards the voice, it was familiar. A petit blonde with deep brown eyes came running up to me.

She grinned. “I’ve been trying to catch up with you for a few minutes. I’m Delilah Dyce, we met back at your grandmother’s house over the summer.” She held out her hand.

I was reluctant to take it, I had just seen her cousin, Samson, recently, less than two months ago, and it seem conspicuous that I would see her suddenly when I wasn’t exactly broadcasting my position. “Hello, Delilah.”

She continued on as if she didn’t notice my hesitation. “It’s just so weird to see you here. I’m visiting a friend and I planned on leaving in a few days, I didn’t expect to see you so far away from California. My cousin, Samson, told me that you were travelling, but I never thought that you would take

such a long trip. Why aren't you with your fiancé, or are you married now?"

"We aren't. The relationship was going a little too fast so we decided to take it a little slower until we were both sure that that was what we wanted." Okay, so that wasn't even close, but she didn't need to know that.

Her eyes widened. "Oh my god, I am so sorry. You two just looked so… perfect together."

"Mhm." My suspicions of the girl made this conversation bad enough but this topic was making it unbearable.

"Look. Since you don't know any one and I just couldn't live with myself if I thought you were home alone brooding when I could have done something, would you mind coming to diner with me tomorrow night? Mrs. Page, your grandmother, had told me some things that youo might want to know if you haven't talked to her lately."

Yes, I would mind, but I needed some information on some things so this might be the best way to get them. “That would be fine. Where and what time?”

She told me about some diner on the edge of town, I didn’t really remember the name but I remembered the street. She smiled again. “See you at seven.”

“See you,” I repeated.

I wasn’t all that surprised when I got back to my motel room and Aikaterine was waiting there without me even summoning her. “What did I do wrong this time?” I asked as I set down my bags on the bed and began putting everything in its correct place.

“Why did you accept that girl’s invitation? You don’t either have the time or safety. She could tell anyone where you are.”

I rolled my eyes. “I know enough by now that I don’t need to spend my every waking minute practicing my magic and I plan on leaving after I meet with her.”

“ *Why* are you meeting with her?”

“I need to see if she has any information on what is happening with my grandmother, she would know if Sara had attacked recently and if there is any immediate danger there.”

“You can get that information by other means.”

“But those other means involve magic that allows me to see what is happening there and if I would see my family, I might be weakened enough in my resolve to go back, thus placing them in even more danger.”

She narrowed her eyes at me, knowing that I had a valid point. “I don’t like the feel of this. Why do you just keeping running into her family when you are in hiding and then she just invites you somewhere when she only knows you in the formal sense?”

Those were my worries. “Aikaterine, my magic is so strong and I have enough control that I don’t even have to use spells anymore. If she attacks me, I should be able to handle it. You’ve been training me; you know that I could easily handle someone of her powers even if she decides to attack me. At any rate, she wouldn’t since it’s a public place and any self-

respecting witch won't risk exposure like that." I hopped.

"You can't be sure of that."

"Neither can you be sure that I would be in any danger. I'm the Chosen One and she knows it, she wouldn't be stupid enough to try and take me on. It would be suicide. She's never been volatile to me-" at least outwardly "-since I have met her, why would she have reason to start now?"

"As you have said, you are the Chosen One. The position is both feared and revered. Fear and desperation can do things to a person; it can lead them to doing things that they would otherwise never even contemplate. She may seem harmless to you, she may even seem like an angel, but since you are what you are, never trust one's attitude towards you." She sighed. "Go if you must, but be on alert on all times, never let your guard down or it may be the last thing that you do."

I didn't like the sound of that. "Thank you, Aikaterine, I'll remember that. I'll be careful, I have been ever since I left."

“You say that now, child. Let us hope that you are saying that after you meeting with this Dyce woman.”

Meeting someone after dark when you didn’t know their intentions or the place where you were meeting wasn’t the best idea that I’ve ever had. There was something… off, but I couldn’t quite tell what it was. I *needed* to know what was happening back home overpowered by urge to just leave town. As I pulled up to the diner where Delilah wanted to meet me and got out of my car, I was surprised at how deserted it was, sure, there were people there, but only three or four in the building, there should have been more people there at this time of night. Something was wrong.

You should leave, child, Aikaterine said in my head. *Leave now while you still have the chance. There is a… presence here. It is dangerous.*

Screw this. I needed answers but not right now. I’m the freaking Chosen One, I could make up a spell or something to get the answers I need. I spun around and quickly hurried back to my car. I should have

expected it, heck, I should have sensed someone was hidden in the shadows, but I didn't even know anyone was there until it was too late. Something hard and heavy smacked the back of my head and I went down.

"Leaving so soon?" I heard a female voice sneer as I tried to fight for consciousness. There was a sharp pain in my arm and after a few moments I felt the effects of the drug in my blood stream. I was able to open my eyes enough to see Delilah use her magic to get me in the back of a van. I lost my fight with staying conscious and fell into oblivion.

"Samson… dammit! You worthless piece of shit, help me get her out of the damn van!"

There was some rustling, like something heavy was trying to be moved around and some more female cursing.

A bored male voice from a distance was saying. "Del, I told you, I don't want to be a part of your deal with the devil, that's your and Bethany's dumbass idea. Why don't you just use your magic?"

More cursing and rustling. “You don’t think I’ve already tried that?! She’s put up some shield, I can’t use any of my magic on her.”

“Then how’d you get her in the van?”

“She didn’t have it up before!”

A snort. “Not my problem. You don’t know how powerful she’s gotten and I’m not risking my ass when she wakes up. You’ve heard stories about the Chosen Ones, the longer they’ve had with the ancestors the more powerful that they get. I don’t know about you, but I really don’t want to die. Anyway, if the coven ever finds out what you did, everyone involved will be sentenced to death, and they will find out. I’m not going to die just because someone has more powers than me.”

“I don’t care that she’s more powerful than me! She’s not right! She’s an abomination and should be made extinct. If she turns into a warlock, she will steal all the powers of every witch. I’m not losing my powers, never going happen.”

“All you care about are your powers and they aren’t even that strong, hell, a fledging has more powers than you. And great solution by the way, ‘save’ all the witches by giving the most powerful witch to one of the more powerful warlocks, who, by the way, wants both her dead *and* her powers. Wow, Delilah, you could be the next Einstein.”

“You bastard! Shut up. Help me move her before the warlock gets here or I *will kill you* !”

He laughed, there was no amusement in the sound. “You could try, I am stronger than you, both physically and magically, you don’t stand a chance. Anyway, have fun dying when the warlock gets her prize, I’m gonna leave.” There was the sound of footsteps slowly fading away.

“Get back here, you- you coward!”

There was no response.

There was more rustling sounds, then a big solid thump. I thought I could feel wind on my skin but I was still completely numbed out, my mind unable to really understand what was happening.

Katheren!... Can you....me... need to... out... move.... Katheren! You need... or you... die

I heard the voice, going in and out of my head like a bad phone connection but my mind was too fogged to even try to figure out where it came from or what it meant.

The voice from outside of my head muttered something in something that wasn't English and I faded into the blackness again.

My head was a little clearer the next time that I came to but only there were no sounds. I could hear the sound of my own breathing, maybe a bird from... somewhere, but otherwise there was nothing.

Back to the blackness.

When I fought my way out of the dark the next time, I was stupid enough to try and open my eyes. I was in a dark room. There was no window, no door. I was on a cot on the ground and there was no one in the room with me. I tried to move to try and figure out what happened but a blinding pain lanced through

my head and I whimpered. Maybe the blackness was better, this time I willingly let it swallow me.

“Wake up, bitch.” The speaker, a woman, slapped my face hard.

“Wha-” I tried to finish the word but my mouth wasn’t working right, I was slurring too.

“Good, it looks like our little friend, has come to play, Beth.”

There was an evil laugh. “Took her long enough, it’s been three fucking days. You go and call in that she’s awake, Del, I want to play with her a bit.”

“You go make the call! I’m not your fucking slave.”

“Go.” There word was laced with so much compulsion that I almost moved to follow her command. There were a lot more curses as some footsteps got quieter. “Open your eyes, bitch, it’s no fun when you can’t see anything.”

Even though I didn’t want to, my eyelids followed her command and my eyes opened just enough to glare at her. A girl with light brown hair and dark brown

eyes was floating a few inches off of the ground next to my pallet. “Nice to see you’re alive, and not a vegetable, this would be no fun if you didn’t know what was going on.”

“What do you want with me?” It was hard to get the words past my lips and it took a while but I managed.

She smirked. “Oh, that one’s easy. You’re death. We bring you to Sara, she tortures you, kills you, and we, I mean me and not my idiot cousin Delilah, get a cut of your powers. See? It’s a win-win. I deal with the little issue of you breathing and messing up my plan of becoming high priestess and I get more powers for it.”

Sara. I closed my eyes and forced myself not to start hyperventilating. If I was still in this room when she got here, I was as good as dead. “Why would she give you any powers and not just kill you?” My speech was getting a little faster but it was still a little slurred.

“Easy.” She held up a necklace. *My* necklace. The crystal heart my mother had given me. The one that had an extremely powerful protection spell in it. “As

long as I have this, she'll give me anything I want. Warlocks can't create their own protection spells and with this she'd be invincible. I get my powers, she'll get this." She grinned again. "Either way, you're gonna die, bitch, and *soon.* "

Chapter 17

The Wiccan Chosen One (Chap. 17)

Chapter 17

Daren:

The pain was worse. My head hurt so bad that I was constantly nauseous from the pain and the torture wasn't helping anything. Her magic whipped out at me again, cutting past my skin as if it was butter. The thwack *of the whip was drowned out by my scream. She laughed but didn't stop.*

"The amazing fucking Chosen One, huh? You look like a crying little wimp to me." Another lash of her magic. "You're supposed to lead us all when you don't even know how to use your 'great powers' *?* I'm *supposed*

to be the high priestess!" Thwack. *More pain. "You are* nothing *! Do you hear me?* Nothing *!"* Thwack. *"And when you're dead, guess who's going to be there to console that senile little bitch that you call grandma. She'll name* me *the next high priestess and then I'll kill her, just like I'll kill you."* Thwack. *My scream. Her laugh.*

"You won't get anywhere near *her," I gritted through my teeth. The blood that filled my mouth made the words incoherent but I knew that my tormentor knew exactly what I had said.*

She laughed. "Really? Who's going to stop me? You? I don't think *so."*

I spit the blood out my mouth, aiming at her. "You'll never be named the next high priestess. Grams would never be stupid enough to fall for your little act."

She hit me again, this time with all her strength. "She's been falling for my 'little act' for nearly ten years now. Anyway, if she magically see's reason and denies me my rightful place, I'll go warlock and murder damn person in our coven. Even your precious ex-fiancé." She laughed. "Actually, no, I'll save him. I've always

wanted a sex slave, he'll do perfectly and when he begins to bore me, his torture will be just as fun as yours. Oh, and if I do become high priestess, I'll still do the same thing. Isn't life grand?" She laughed again.

I hissed at her. No way in hell was I going to let that happen, I'd die first. My magic pushed against the bonds of the magic restriction spell she'd put on me when I had been unconscious. It didn't break through.

Dimly I heard some loud sound somewhere else in the building and she stopped. A grin- if I could even call that baring of teeth a grin- spread over her face. "Well, well, well, it looks like we have some company. I think your friend Sara has finally made an appearance."

I swore mentally and at length. More than anything, I wished that I had never found out that I was the damned Chosen One, that I never met Sara… that I could see Daren again, just one more time. Against my will, I felt one of the tears I'd been holding back fall down my cheek.

"Hello, Katheren."

I woke up with a jolt, covered in sweat, and my heart beating so fast that I was surprised that it didn't beat its way out of my chest. I swore as I jumped out of my motel bed and paced around the room. More than anything I wanted to pretend that everything I saw was all just a dream but it was much too real. Katheren was somehow being tortured by some unknown witch and about to be handed off to Sara. Sara wasn't going to wait until Blessing Moon *;* she was going to kill Katheren now.

My first instinct was to leave right now and find her but I knew that it wouldn't do any good. I had finally been able to pick up a very faint trail with my tracking spell, but I had lost it in some little town in Wyoming. I was now in the same motel where I had lost the trail. I started to swear again.

I couldn't lose her, not now, not ever. Whether I knew it or not at the time, my life had become unexplainably connected to Katheren's as soon as I'd met her and I knew that if she died, that I would too. I just couldn't live without her. I would *not* let Sara kill her, even if it was the last thing that I did.

I stopped my pacing and looked out the motel window, trying to force my eyes to see the trail that I had lost while tracking her. I knew that if Katheren had been the one to block her energy, I would never be able to find her unless she let me. I also knew that she wasn't going to 'let' me find her; she wouldn't want me to die because of her. I hit the wall next to the window with my palm and the white plaster cracked.

"Violence against the wall won't solve anything."

I spun around, my breath unable to pass the lump in my throat. Aikaterine, one of the Ancestor stood in all her phantomly glory in the middle of my motel room. "What?" There was no way that she was here, she was tied to the Chosen One, the only way she could be here was if Katheren was- I moaned and my legs gave out. "No, she can't- Kates can't be- no!"

She glided across the room and laid her weightless hand on my shoulder. "No, child, she is still alive."

It took a few seconds for her words to sink in but the relief that I felt didn't last long. "If you're here then she must be almost dead. I saw-"

She held up a hand for silence. “I know what you have seen. She is in much pain but not on death’s door quite yet. You are her Soul Mate so in a way I am just as tied to her as I am to you.”

“I don’t understand.” My emotions were so strong- especially after the emotional anesthetic that I had been under recently- that my brain in too much of a haze to understand what she was trying to say.

“You are Soul Mates, two halves of the same soul that had separated into two different bodies and grown a stronger connection over time, dependant on one another. I cannot stay long so I must say this in all due haste. Katheren is being held by Delilah and Bethany Dyce in an old hunting cabin about a hundred miles south of here. I will do the best that I can to lower Katheren’s mental shields so that only you can get to her but you must move as quickly as possible. The warlock was nearly there when I left in search of you and when she is there, I fear that Katheren won’t have much time.”

“How will I find her?”

She glared at me in frustration. “Did you not hear what I just said, child? I will lower her mental shields, and as her Soul Mate, you *will* find her. Do not question how or I will be forced to find a way to hit you.” She suddenly froze and a look of pure horror came over her face. “No,” she whispered. “It is as I feared. The warlock has reached her.” Aikaterine looked deep into my eyes. “You must come quickly, she doesn’t have much time left.” She disappeared before I could say another word.

I threw on a pair of jeans, not bothering to waste the time to change into new boxers and threw on the first shirt that I found. I ran to the room next to mine and knocked until the door opened. “What?” Ryan growled, annoyed.

“I’m leaving in less than five minutes, either be in the car or walk home.”

“Wait, why-”

I ignored him and went back into my room and madly shoved what few belongings I had into my bag. I was in the car and about to take off when Ryan

ran out of his room. As soon as his butt hit the seat, I was burning rubber.

“Hey, what the hell, man?”

“Sara. She’s got Katheren.”

He paled. “Shit. What are we going to do?”

“Drive south.” And then pray like hell that Aikaterine came through and made it so that he could find Katheren.

“And then what?”

“Then we are going to send that bitch into hell where she belongs for hurting my woman.”

“For your sake,” Ryan mumbled under his breath, so low he probably thought that I couldn’t hear him, “I hope that we find your woman alive.”

I tried to pretend that I did hear him but one thought kept running through my head.

What if I didn’t get to her in time?

I drove faster, hoping that I would never find out the answer to that question. *Come on, Aikaterine,* I thought, *give me a clue on where I'm going.*

I kept going but that clue never came.

About the Author

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